WHAT THE CENSORS ARE MAKING US MISS

MOVIE WEEKLY

MAY 5, 1923

TEN CENTS

$10,000 Reward
See page 13

Why my Baby has made me a better Actress
by
MAE MARSH

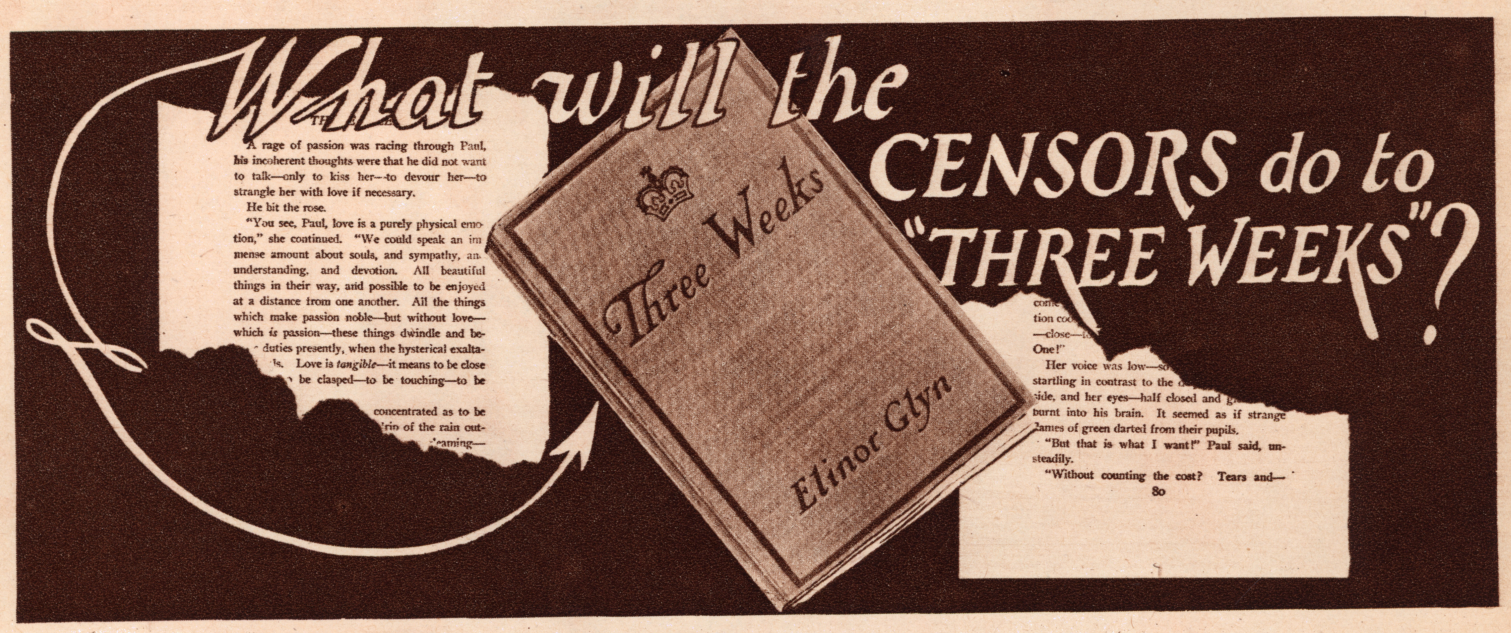
Nancy Welford
Photo by White N.Y.

No. 13

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Vol. III



This Frank Narrative

That was published a matter of twelve or fourteen years ago and justly earned the distinction at the time of leaving nothing to the imagination, is about to be picturized by Goldwyn. How will the censors receive this news and, greater still, how will they receive the picture itself?

The story, as perhaps you may recall, concerns the activities, amorous and otherwise, of a Russian lady who was traveling in Switzerland, but not for her health, and of Paul, the young Englishman, who was.

Their meeting and acquaintance provided the novel with much of its incident, and great interest has been aroused as to the manner in which the censors will react to the book's unabashed frankness.

Will they order it cut until not a vestige of the original remains, or will they let it remain as it is—a human document of a woman's desire for freedom in her life and in her love?

In next week's Movie Weekly you will read of the probable reception which the censors will accord "Three Weeks" for those portions of the story which the censors will consider censorable. It is good reading—don't miss it!

This Week's Cover

Is Nancy Welford, a charming member of the "Cinders" company, which is playing now on Broadway.

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Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y. under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

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Other Features

Will include "What I Think of the Men of Today," by Mary Astor, in which the beautiful young screen star tells frankly what she likes—and what she does not like—about the modern young men of America. When you read how Mary feels, you won't blame her, either.

"Why American Girls Make the Best Movie Stars" will be another feature article of keen interest to the fans, for it explains why the girls of other countries have failed on the screen and why American girls are superior to all. If you are an American girl you will probably like this article; if you aren't, you will, at least, agree with it.

"The Diary of a Scenario Writer on Location with Alice Brady" is still another feature of supreme interest, giving an intimate glimpse into the hardships of the movie star when she is making a picture of the great outdoors. Its author is Sonya Levien, who accompanied the Brady party on their trip into Canada to make "The Snow Bride," a forthcoming Paramount photoplay.

"Why the Movies of Six Years Ago Were Better Than Those of Today," and another searching character analysis of a popular screen star's face will be additional features of this issue, which we predict will be in all ways a humdinger.

Don't miss it!

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What the CENSORS are making you miss!

Do you ever wonder at the incompleteness of many of the pictures you see? If so, don't blame the producers—It's only the censors again

By Paul Rochester

WHAT does censorship mean to you?

Is censorship merely a vague force, busily engaged in making movies better?

Or is it a kill-joy, a destructive medium which eliminates romance, drama, continuity, and sometimes even the obviously intended meaning of half the movies you see?

Do you know what censorship is doing to the movies offered you day by day in your local theatre?

Probably not.

You see the average picture, "Adam's Rib," "Enemies of Women," "Poor Men's Wives," after the eliminations have been made. You notice great gaps in the picture flashed on the screen before you. You wonder why movie producers can be so dumb as to spoil the dramatic effect of their films by leaving out essential scenes. You never stop to think what the censors have done, how they have spoiled an evening's pleasure for you by treating you like a weak-minded child.

I can only give you a vague idea of how the censors attack the average motion picture, how, without any consideration for either you or the producer, they warp plots, distort tremendously dramatic scenes, chop costly productions to pieces, without any relation to rule or reason.

In "Adam's Rib," for instance, Ramsey, the husband, points a gun at a mob. The scene in which the gun appears is broken up by a close-up in which he aims the gun at the camera. This scene was eliminated in Pennsylvania, because, "guns pointed at any audience, it is believed, frighten expectant mothers or nervous persons."

"Many cuts were made by the *Virginia* censors in *"Bella Donna,"* *Pola Negri's* first *American* picture.

The *Pennsylvania* censors made several eliminations from *"Adam's Rib."*

ANOTHER later shot, in which the gun has fallen to the ground, was also eliminated, because it was feared by the censors that a close-up of a gun might encourage gun-play. The censors let the gun remain in all the long shots in the scene, apparently laboring under the idea that a long shot of a gun is harmless, whereas a close-up might induce members of the audience to rush from their seats to the nearest hardware store and thence to the commission of crimes ranging from highway robbery to murder.

Two other eliminations were made in "Adam's Rib" in Pennsylvania, one order removing five scenes from the episode in the palace where the revolutionists wreck the king's private sanctum. The censors, in this case, believe in restraining Pennsylvanians from *lese majeste*, although the puppet king in "Adam's Rib" would hardly command the respect of anyone over the mental age of a third-rate imbecile.

Many cuts were made by the Virginia censors in "Bella Donna," Pola Negri's first American picture. In the first reel the hero is made to say: "When I see other men look at you and *admire* you, I could kill them," when he means, "When I see other men look at you and *desire* you, I could kill them."

Four romantic titles in the fifth reel of "Bella Donna" are pre-emptorily kicked out. These are:

"You are no slave to matrimony. You are a creature of fire and passion."

"Fancy dressing like a boy to visit your lover."

"We shall have a night of real romance, a night of real Egypt."

"She will come back. They always do."

The elimination of this last title leaves the Virginia censor open to the suspicion of being a woman, and of not wishing a member of her sex to be compared to a cat, which, as all good proverb-quoters know, always does come back.

Baroudi may not kiss Pola's ankle in the sixth reel. And poor Baroudi may not hold a dancing girl in his arms in reel three. When the censors got through with Baroudi he was good enough for any Sunday School.

And finally, in the last reel of this hectic romance of the desert, Pola Negri is made a good woman, for she dares not say: "I am sick of playing the good woman. It's Baroudi I love—Baroudi. I belong to him body and soul, and I must be free to go to him, forever."

THE PENNSYLVANIA eliminations from this picture are so numerous that they cover two single-spaced typewritten sheets. Again a gun goes out of the picture, in reel two. Baroudi loses his dancer again, and in Pennsylvania she is characterized as "semi-nude." In reel four, Baroudi gets it again, for he may not be spoken of as a man who comes to the dance hall for women. Instead a character is made to say, "I wonder what brings him here tonight?" In the fifth reel, Bella Donna visits Baroudi in his tent, but the audience doesn't know why, for all kissing and embracing is cut to three feet of each flash.

In the sixth reel Baroudi suffers once more. This is what the Pennsylvania censors do to him:

"Reduce views of Bella Donna after she has removed her clothes in Baroudi's tent on his suggestion and appearing with a narrow strip around her breast and with a scant covering around her loins. Cut from where Bella Donna has entered Baroudi's tent in the above-mentioned attire when she stands before him with one arm raised, just before Baroudi picks her up. This will eliminate Baroudi picking Bella Donna up, carrying her over to couch, close-up of Bella Donna in Baroudi's arms, of the posing on the couch, of his kneeling before her, and of his handling of her leg, and kissing her on the instep."

Baroudi may not be called Bella Donna's lover, the censors insist. All views of poison are cut as well as mention of the poison Bella Donna gives her husband.

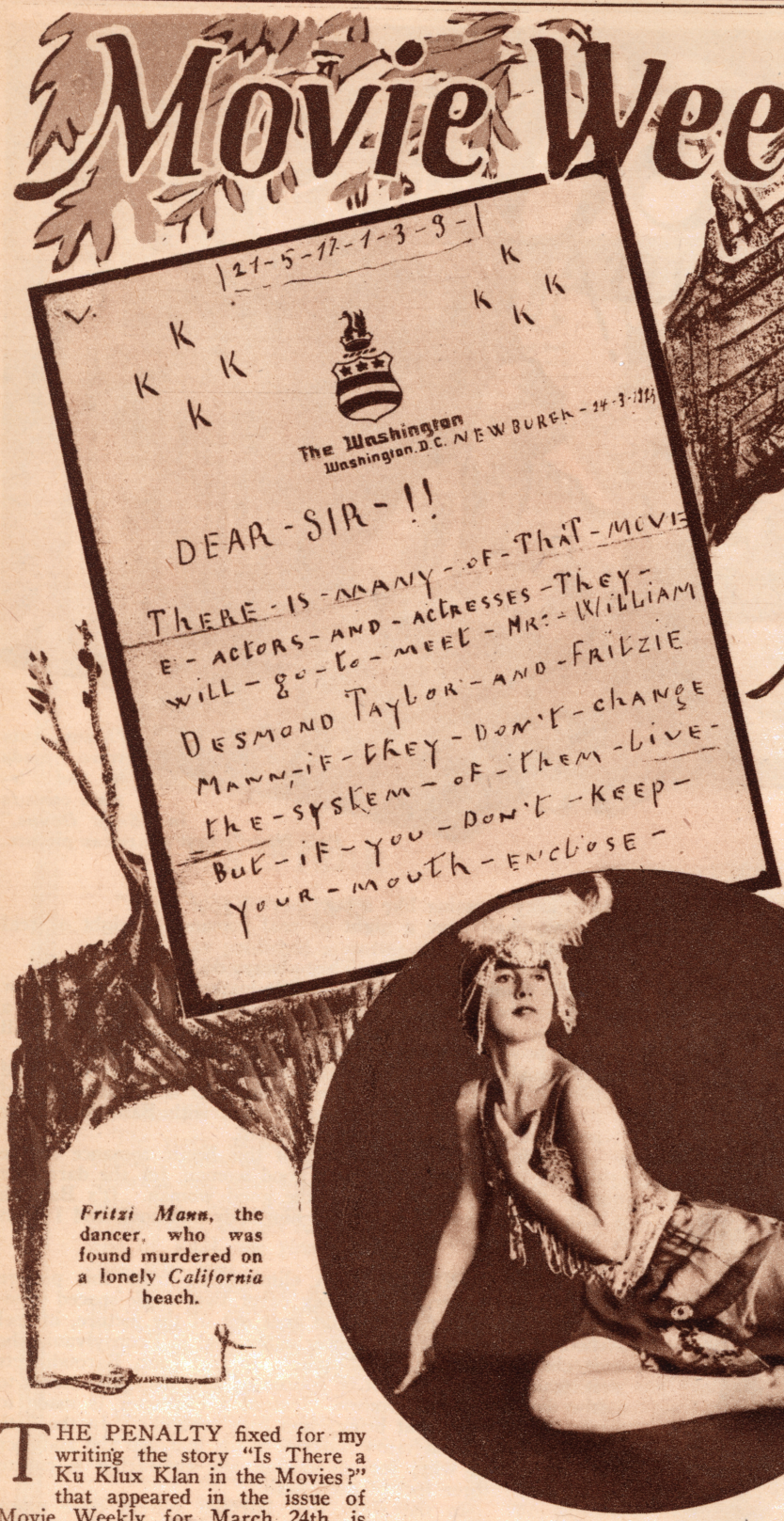
The other cuts so warp the story that little of the plot is left. Bella Donna become a vapid woman who wanders aimlessly around in the desert. Because of the censor's cuts, the Pennsylvania audiences lose all sense of the story, which appears to be choppy, disconnected and without motivation.

Maryland has done much the same to "Bella Donna," even eliminating the final episode of the

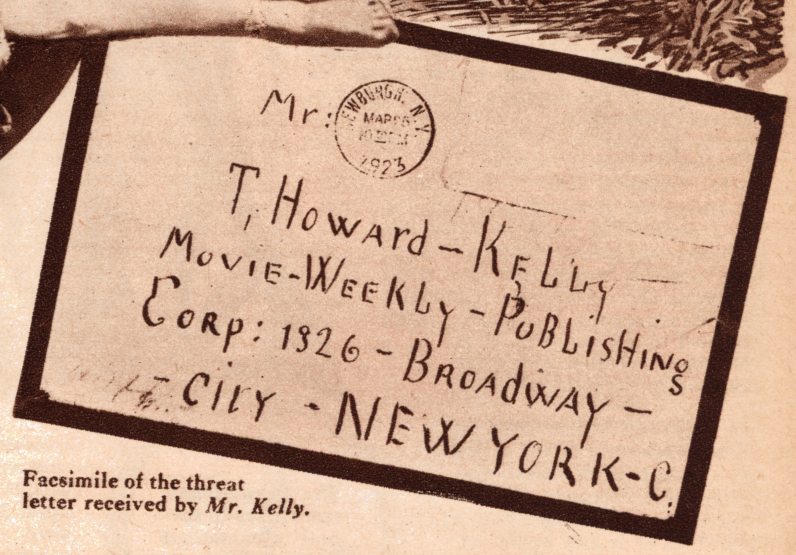
(*Continued on page* 29)

Movie Weekly writer by Ku

By T. Howard Kelly



Fritzi Mann, the dancer, who was found murdered on a lonely *California* beach.



Facsimile of the threat letter received by *Mr. Kelly*.

THE PENALTY fixed for my writing the story "Is There a Ku Klux Klan in the Movies?" that appeared in the issue of Movie Weekly for March 24th, is Death—death such as came to William Desmond Taylor, the movie director—swift, tragic, mysterious death that will strike in the dark by some sinister killing method.

Well, when it comes to such serious business as dying, I am much in cahoots with an old Florida darkey, who said, "Ah's gwine liv' until Ah die." He meant that he was not courting any form of early or sudden death, and that he did not have any idea of walking to his own funeral.

I am writing this story in spite of the fixed penalty. Yes, but not to deliberately start any shooting, if the writer of the threat letter is in earnest. I prefer to tell myself he has not the nerve to carry out his warning. And if this letter is only the product of a futile and forlorn kind of peculiar humor, what's the use of worrying? So, you see, I have two reasons for not being severely impressed with the possibilities of a violent fate.

However, read what I think and conclude for yourself how you would feel under these circumstances. Then give me credit for sharing your feelings!

I have been warned to keep my mouth shut about the receipt of the threat letter, which is reproduced word for word, and marking for marking on this page. When it came to me through the mails shortly after Movie Weekly printed my article concerning the possible existence of a Ku Klux Klan, or a Black Hand, in the film world my inclination was to laugh and keep still about it. I believed someone was hoaxing me.

I laughed then and tossed the letter on my desk as a reminder of some unknown person's distorted idea of humor.

TWO DAYS later my telephone rang about midnight. A man's voice, strange and heavy, sounded over the wire. His first words were in the way of a question:

"Are you going to keep your mouth shut about the K. K. K. in the movies? If not you go the way of William Desmond Taylor and Fritzi Mann."

Naturally I was somewhat taken aback by this demand. So much so, that for a few moments I hung on to the receiver dumbly.

"Do you hear me?" the voice at the other end, even more insistent than before, brought some words to my mouth.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "Who the devil are you, anyway?"

"Publish more about us and you'll find out quick enough."

There was a sudden snapping sound in my ear . . . silence followed. I realized my midnight caller had hung up. The first thing I did after getting up from the telephone was to secure a copy of the March 24th issue of Movie Weekly, which was edited by Jackie Coogan. On the fourth and fifth pages I found the story which was responsible for the threat letter, and re-read it.

I went on to say in the story that according to stray bits of information which have accidentally trickled through a network of underworld cunning, there is a strong indication that an invisible power, shrouded in all of the foreboding secrecy of the Ku Klux Klan, is lurking in the studios of Hollywood and the East, ready to mark any person for punishment who incurs its hostility.

As I read on I began to believe that I had incurred the anger of this secret organization, or at least of some member who had seen fit to warn me against further disclosures regarding the clan's existence. However, after much consideration, I was once more inclined to ignore the whole affair.

A week passed and with its passage came the publication of a new issue of Movie Weekly, in which there was no mention of the threat letter. The first day the magazine was on the public newsstands brought me another midnight call.

This time a strange woman's voice came over the wire. She did not mince words or waste time.

is threatened Klux Klan

Well known contributor to Macfadden Publications *receives letter of threat signed* "K.K.K." *upon publication of article treating of* Ku Klux *in movies*

Almost before she had uttered two syllables, I sensed the fact that she had something to do with the first telephone threat.

"Are you through suggesting that the Ku Klux Klan is at work in the movies?" she asked anxiously.

"I am not," I replied, suddenly deciding on such an answer just to see what would happen.

"Then you can blame yourself for whatever happens to you." This statement was the end of our conversation. Within a few moments I determined to show the threat letter to the editor of Movie Weekly and request him to publish it.

THE ORIGINAL letter and the statement of the two mysterious telephone calls are now in the hands of expert detectives, who will make every possible effort to discover the writer, or writers, of the letter. The apprehension of this person, or persons, may be a great stride towards proving, or disproving, the belief that a secret organization is at work in the movies, juggling with the lives and fates of picture folks to accomplish revenge or blackmail. Or, it may simply show that there are some people in this world with lots of spare time on their hands.

Wm. Desmond Taylor, the slain movie director, whose murder remains an unsolved mystery.

Examination of the threatening missive will show that the writers' reason for antagonism to screen players is that he imagines them to be leading excessive lives. Undoubtedly these same writers, alleging themselves to belong to a K. K. K. organization, assume that they are a self-appointed tribunal to regulate the morals of picture stars.

This assumption is, of course, a screen to cover the real sinister purpose behind such an organization's existence. There is no reformer, or set of reformers in this world, brave enough, or fanatical enough to commit murder in the name of morality.

MOVIE WEEKLY, as a defender of the morals of filmdom in general, goes on record to state that even if there were such fanatics alive in the Twentieth Century, there would be no need to lure screen players to untimely deaths to rid the films of immorality. There is not enough immorality in picturedom to warrant such drastic actions.

You will note in this missive that there is a statement couched in the illiterate way of a child, to the effect that if movie stars do not mend their ways the same fate as befell Fritzie Mann and Taylor will overtake them. This statement is a deliberate lie!

If there is any sinister force shadowing the footsteps of certain stars, this force is not working to improve the morals of the actors and actresses. It is, on the contrary, manipulating situations to bring about scandals and tragedies so that its members may fill their dirty pockets with the stained coin of blackmail.

It will take more than a letter or midnight telephone threats to make Movie Weekly stop its crusade against those people or things that are trying to undermine the foundations of picturedom by calumny, violence and crime.

I have no idea that the Ku Klux Klan, such as we know it from newspaper expositions, and its own propaganda, has anything to do with the writing of the letter which we herewith reproduce. The hooded organization which has recently brought its name to the lips of almost everyone in America, would not have written the kind of letter I received. It is too much of a systematized business organization to have resorted to such a crude means of intimidation.

And yet, in the very crudity of this threat note; in the very childishness of the method employed, there may lurk the sinister cunning of an outfit that hides its real fangs under the camouflage of such an artifice!

The name of this organization is negligible, for the simple reason that under no circumstances would people who work in the dark reveal their true identity. The fact that it is signed K. K. K. is simply a hoax—an attempt, in other words, to cast suspicion against the hooded organization that has brought so much popular disfavor and official condemnation on its shoulders recently.

It is possible that a clique of men and women, masquerading under the initials of K. K. K., sent this letter because they are afraid that the investigations and publicity launched by Movie Weekly against a possible secret movie Black Hand will bring about their apprehension.

If there is such a clique, it can rest assured of two things. Movie Weekly intends going ahead with its investigations. And, personally, I intend to keep on writing the stories of these investigations. If we are fortunate enough in tying up all of the loose ends of evidence that have been accumulated to date, there may be a very early and sensational exposure in store for our readers and the world at large.

IN MY last article concerning the existence of a sinister and invisible force in the movies, I outlined my belief that this organization trailed people who had incurred their enmity and when the propitious moment came, killed them off, or punished them as they saw fit. I feel reasonably certain that this secret society has a very well-oiled spy machinery.

There is one thing strange in connection with the midnight phone calls that baffles me. Not once in any way did my callers ever allude to the threat letter. The missive was never mentioned. It is possible, of course, that they know I received it. Perhaps an agent of their own outfit watched me reading it in my office!

One man whose advice I have asked in this matter, told me he thought it entirely possible that two different set of people may be responsible for

(*Continued on page* 27)

"—and the villain still pursued her"

There's nothing like a sheik when it comes to this pursuing business. Nowadays the ingredients for a movie are one sheik and a couple of grains of sand—oh, yes, and the leading lady. Here are *Alice Calhoun* and *Herbert Heyes* in *"One Stolen Night."*

In *"Poor Men's Wives" Barbara La Marr* plays one of the "poor but honest" variety. Just look at the way she's freezing out *Richard Tucker*, the rich and villainous pursuer!

"Unhand me, villain!" may not be *Helene Chadwick's* exact words in *"Gimme,"* but she gives *David Imboden*, as the villain, the distinct impression that that's the way she feels.

If *Lew Cody* doesn't stop pursuing *Eleanor Boardman* in *"Souls for Sale,"* she's simply going to "cut him dead." She has the knife in her hand.

Sometimes pinching a man's cheek can be a friendly caress, but in *"The Darling of the Rich"* that isn't the spirit in which *Betty Blythe* pinches *Charles Gerard*.

Why a "FOLLIES" GIRL can get a RICH HUSBAND

BY

SHANNON DAY

Former member of Ziegfeld Follies who is now in pictures discloses how easy it is for a Follies girl to meet and wed a rich man

As related to Alma M. Talley

MILLIONAIRE'S Son Elopes With Follies Girl!" the newspaper headlines are constantly shrieking. So constantly, in fact, that all the little Miss Nobodies in Kalamazoo or Ypsilanti begin to wonder if they hadn't better come to New York and get into the Follies. Apparently, if one can believe everything one hears—but, of course one can't—all the young millionaires gang up outside the Follies stage entrance waiting for potential wives to appear and go Rolls-Roycing with them.

That, the impression is, is all there is to it! Join the Follies and immediately suitors will clutter up your house. Those you haven't room for on the parlor sofa will overflow out onto the hat rack or the umbrella stand; and when you haven't time to see them in person, their telephoned proposals will interrupt your morning grape fruit, your afternoon tea, or even your beauty sleep. Life will be just one proposal after another, all from "Scions of Old New York Families"—as the headlines put it. No one of lesser standing would dare aspire to the hand of a Follies girl.

Naturally, it isn't possible for every girl to join the Follies, but at any rate, the girls out in Merton's country would like to know why and how it is that a Follies girl can always "knock 'em dead."

So it seemed a good idea to get some first hand information on the subject. Why not ask some girl who had been in the Follies and knew all the who's who and why's on the subject?

Shannon Day was the answer. It was only three short years ago that Shannon left the footlights of the Follies for the Kleig lights of the studios. So I went to see Shannon to find out all about it.

And when I saw her, I felt at once that I had gone to the right person. She is no bigger than a minute and has beautiful, expressive eyes and a trim little figure . . . the type of girl whom one would expect to have suitors by the dozen.

SHE WORE a dark blue frock of poiret twill with white organdie collar and cuffs embroidered with red, a la Russian, and a little red leather belt. Perfectly delightful to look at, is Shannon.

"What is there about a Follies girl," I asked her, "that brings so many men to her feet—millionaires included?"

"Oh, I didn't go into the Follies with that in mind," she protested hastily, afraid that I was accusing her of some such motives. "I was just stage struck, like most girls, and found my opportunity in the Follies."

"Of course not," I said apologetically. "I didn't mean that girls joined the Follies as a means of finding a wealthy husband. But you can't deny that—entirely incidentally, of course—a Follies girl does have that advantage?"

She couldn't deny it, of course, except that she modestly protested that she wasn't "that type"—whatever that means.

"I was given a part in the Follies more because of my—well, I suppose you'd call it pep—" she interpolated, "than for my looks."

"Well," I said, "tell me why it is that the Follies girl in general has so many men at her feet. Besides, of course, the fact that there is a certain glamor about a Follies girl which everyday girls don't have."

"In the first place," she pointed out, "a Follies girl has lots more opportunity to meet wealthy men."

"In the first place," said *Miss Day*, "a *Follies* girl has lots of opportunity to meet wealthy men."

Shannon Day and *Lon Chaney* in a scene from *"All the Brothers Were Valiant,"* a recent picture.

And that, of course, is half the battle! Many a girl who wastes her charms on Main Street could guarantee herself a rich husband if she ever had the chance to meet a moneyed eligible!

"NOT," Shannon hastened to amend, "that it is so easy for a man to meet a Follies girl. There's a lot of formality about it. If a man sees a girl in the Follies whom he wants to meet, he has to go to the stage manager and arrange an introduction through him—all very strict and proper. He can't even send flowers directly to the girl in question, but must send them through the stage manager.

"But of course an introduction can be arranged if the man is all that he should be. And as everyone goes to the Follies, the audience, particularly on the Ziegfeld roof, where I used to play, includes many wealthy men. So unquestionably the Follies girl has a greater opportunity to meet men of all sorts than a girl in other lines of work."

"All right," I said, "that's two points as to the advantages a Follies girl has in finding a rich husband. A sort of glamor surrounding her, and opportunity to meet men."

"Yes," Shannon admitted, "and she has the benefit of her Follies training. Presumably she has looks to begin with, and when she joins the Follies she is taught to make the most of her charms. She is shown how to walk, how to laugh, etc. Any disagreeable mannerisms she may have are corrected. And in the matter of clothes—not only does she learn how to wear them, but she also learns what *kind* of clothes to wear. Everything a girl wears in the Follies is of the very best, even her underwear—marvelous soft silks—and she learns to appreciate beautiful things. She probably can't afford to buy them as good as that, but at least her taste in dress is developed so that she knows good clothes and can spend her money wisely.

BUT," Shannon went on, still defending the motives of the Follies girl, "the girls I knew in the Follies were all hard-working, ambitious, eager to get ahead. They were not gold diggers and I wish people would get over thinking of them as such. People see a Follies girl and say, 'Huh, she couldn't have bought those clothes on her salary,' and get suspicious.

(*Continued on page 29*)

R. L. Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, for whom *Mr. Schulberg* worked as an office boy in 1908.

B. P. Schulberg, president of *Preferred Pictures*, who now calls *Mr. Goldberg "Rube."*

Movie magnate was once cartoonist's office boy

B. P. Schulberg, president of Preferred Pictures, was formerly knight of the inkwells for R. L. Goldberg, the famous cartoonist.

By David A. Balch

WHEN THIS page was just a large piece of nice, white cardboard adorned only by the photographs of the two gentlemen who now grace it, occasional callers, upon noting the lettered headlines, would ask: "Which one is Goldberg?" And if they didn't do this, they were invariably certain to select Mr. Schulberg for Mr. Goldberg, or, and just as easily, vice versa. They had a gift, a genius, for getting them mixed.

Now all that this means is a very definite claim to a youthful appearance on the part of Mr. Goldberg, the cartoonist, and the havoc which time, the tomb builder, has played with the features of Mr. Schulberg, who was once the well-known cartoonist's office boy, but who is now one of the great figures in that great industry, motion pictures.

So if the see-saw of fate hasn't lowered Mr. Goldberg with the passing of years, it has at least elevated Mr. Schulberg to a niche quite as conspicuous, and probably quite as lucrative as that occupied by the famous creator of "Foolish Questions."

We interviewed Mr. Schulberg, the president of Preferred Pictures, one day not very long ago, for we wanted to get the story of his apprenticeship to the author of "Mike and Ike," as well as learn just how it was he ceased being an office boy and became a movie magnate. The distance separating the two spheres of endeavor seemed to us considerable. We spoke to Mr. Schulberg about it.

"Yes," he replied smiling. "I used to be Goldberg's office boy, and I call him Rube now and everything."

"But when, Mr. Schulberg," we inquired, "did you stop being an office boy and become a movie magnate?"

Mr. Schulberg laughed. We recalled that Morrie Ryskind, the publicity director for Preferred Pictures, had told us that Mr. Schulberg was at least one man in the industry who did not need an interpreter when he gave an interview, and we felt easy in surrendering to Mr. Schulberg the floor.

WELL, THERE'S a long time and a lot of work in between the two," he said promptly, "that goes back almost to the beginning of things in the industry—at least the beginning of the present order.

"I was with the *Evening Mail*, as office boy to Rube Goldberg in 1907-8, and I suppose that is where I'd better start. Probably the most peculiar thing about my whole story is the fact that I got into pictures at a time when I wasn't in the least interested in them.

"J. G. Bachmann, the treasurer of Preferred Pictures, is, among other things, an old boyhood friend of mine and Bachmann was always interested in the movies. This was back in 1906 and 1907, when the nickelodeons were becoming numerous all over the city.

"Time and again I have waited outside one of these amusement places for Bachmann, for I disliked pictures so much as they were at that time, that I just couldn't stand the boredom of watching them.

"But after I had been with the *Mail* a while and finally became a reporter, I learned of a job that was open reviewing pictures for a publication devoted exclusively to the screen—one of the first things of its kind in existence. The job offered more in the way of salary than I was getting with the *Mail* and solely for this reason I took it.

"At this time, 1910, advertising for motion pictures was in its crudest, most primitive state. It was the ballyhoo school of advertising, that was got up with practically no regard for grammar or dignity. I soon found that in addition to my work of procuring advertising, I had to write or rewrite the ads themselves, and although this meant a tremendous increase in my daily labors, I always liked work, and I went after it tooth and nail.

"Probably but few people, comparatively, know that the father of the first dramatic motion picture was Edwin S. Porter who, as far back as 1898, made such pictures as "The Life of a Fireman" and "The Great Train Robbery," special features of about six hundred feet in length—subjects that ran for seven or eight minutes.

"My activities in the writing of advertisements led to my going with Mr. Porter in 1911, and writing ads, by proxy, for him, in which another man, now prominent in pictures, got all the credit and much of the money. The deception employed in this matter was one of the most amusing incidents of my career, made so by the fact that the man I did the writing for spoke the poorest kind of English.

"Mr. Porter, whose wife was the star of the company, at last discovered the deception, and it

(*Continued on page 29*)

Does Absence make the Heart grow Fonder?

Every night *Madge Kennedy* would put in a call for *New York*.

While as for *Mary Pickford*—if you have ever heard her call *Doug "Douglas,"* you'd know just how much she misses him when they are separated.

When *Marylyn Miller* was playing in *"Sally,"* in *New York, Jack Pickford,* her husband, used to phone her from *Los Angeles* every night at seven.

Ask the Los Angeles long distance telephone operator—*she knows*

By Marvyl Mason

WHICH is the truer saying—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," or, "Out of sight, out of mind?"

Probably the girl best qualified in the world to answer that question is the Long Distance Telephone Operator of Los Angeles. She it is who knows the secrets of the Movie World's innermost heart. She it is who knows that three thousand miles are as nothing when they lie between two loving, yearning hearts. She it is who sees some handsome idol of the silver screen eagerly bending over the rail around her little sanctum in the telephone office asking for a good, clear connection with New York. And she it is who smiles with satisfaction as she hears a silvery feminine voice coming across those three thousand miles of wire in a loving, "Hello, Dear!"

Is it any wonder Long Distance smiles as she says to the anxiously waiting Romeo in Los Angeles: "Here's your party!"

And could you blame her if she happened, oh, merely by accident, of course, to overhear once in a while stray bits of those conversations which go trembling across the mountains and deserts between New York and Los Angeles and bring such comfort to those who, for business reasons, must be separated?

I recently talked with a Los Angeles "Long Distance" girl, who revealed some of the heart secrets of Moviedom which she had gleaned during several years' service in the "Angel City" exchange.

She told of how famous movie stars, married to each other, but separated by the width of the continent, kept their romance flaming gloriously through the medium of the telephone. She told of how courtships, where one party was on the West Coast and the other in New York, were pursued in the evening hours, when phone calls are fewest and the connections for long distances are best.

THERE was little Madge Kennedy," said this modern Cupid of the Wires. "She had a contract with the Goldwyn Studios here on the Coast and her husband, Harold Bolster, was compelled to be in New York, where he has a business on Wall Street. Every night the little auburn-haired actress would put in a New York call. She seemed to just live for the moment when she could hear her husband's voice come over all those miles of wire. I was so interested that I got so I would listen for her call every night, and if she was a little late I would begin to worry for fear something had happened to her. One night I couldn't help listening for just a second after I had him on the wire.

"Her voice had sounded so sort of broken and excited when she put in the call and I wondered what had happened. No sooner had his reassuring, comforting voice reached her than she began telling him how she just couldn't stand the separation any longer; that she made them agree to cancel her contract and that she was coming back to New York. From his delighted reply I could tell that it was what he had wanted all along. I guess now she is glad she did it, because she's been making such a success of her stage plays in New York and has her big, handsome husband with her at the same time.

"Another regular patron of the long distance was Jack Pickford. Jack could hardly wait until he got through work for the day to call up Marilyn Miller in New York—who was playing in "Sally"—and they would talk for half an hour at a time. Money? Oh, of course it cost money, but movie stars think nothing of that.

"Telephoning, when the object of the affections is three thousand miles away is a most tantalizing thing, however. You hear the beloved's voice, but you are dying to know how he or she is looking: to feel their caresses, to look into their eyes. It must be very maddening from what I've heard some of the lovelorn movie stars say. Oh, the beautiful things I've heard over the wire! One popular leading man of the screen—I'm not going to tell you his name because it wouldn't be fair—recently said to a well-known screen star in New York:

"'Darling, you might just as well be in heaven as away off there in New York. I'm hungry for a sight of your dear face. Tell me—what color of a dress are you wearing? Is your hair done as I last saw it with the cunning little dip over the left eye?'

THEN SHE went on to tell him that she had on a light blue dinner gown and that she now wore her hair up off her forehead. Immediately the poor fellow wanted to know with whom she was dining and if it was to please the other man that she was doing her hair differently! I heard once that they were to be married. Later I heard it was all off, so I don't know. Anyhow, he certainly rolled up some enormous telephone bills during the winter he was in Los Angeles.

"You remember in the testimony taken during Mary Pickford's divorce suit from her first husband, Owen Moore, how Mary stated she had made innumerable trips to New York while she was working in Los Angeles trying to get her husband to come to the Coast and stay? And how it played havoc with the pictures she was making on the West Coast at the time? It's too bad all the movie industry can't be concentrated in one place so there wouldn't be these trying separations. Yet, maybe it's all for the best. I really believe that "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

Why my Baby has made me a Better Actress.

"An actress," said *Miss Marsh,* "has to appreciate the fullness of living in order to express it. Motherhood opened my eyes to life."

Charming young screen star, who will appear in the new Griffith picture "The White Rose" tells how motherhood has improved her acting

As told to Paul Rochester

WHY SHOULDN'T screen actresses talk about their babies?"

Mae Marsh shot the question at me, but I passed it on to Louis Lee Arms, who is Mae Marsh's husband, and who, I thought, ought to know how to answer that question better than I.

But Mr. Arms decided that it was a rhetorical question, for he did not answer it either. Instead he permitted Miss Marsh to continue.

"I am out of sympathy with screen actresses who try to conceal the fact that they have husbands and babies. My baby has made me a better actress. An actress, an actress such as Ethel Barrymore, can have children, and no one would think that the fact that she is a mother would have any but a beneficial influence on her acting. An actress has to experience the fullness of living so as to express it. Motherhood opened my eyes to life.

"Look at my case in another way. I was starring for Goldwyn when baby came and my contract ended. I retired from the screen temporarily, to raise my baby and to ranch. And by ranching, I mean living out on a ranch, raising prunes as prunes can only be raised in California. Until that time, my life had been spent in the movies. I had had"—and she shot a typically Mae Marsh glance at Mr. Arms—"I had had romance, but I had not experienced the great emotion of a woman's life, motherhood.

"Before baby came, I had been playing parts which were typical of my life up to that time. I had been playing ingenues, young girls, and so forth. And I might have gone on playing that sort of thing indefinitely, if that pause in my career had not come.

"Since then I have played in three pictures, two in England and one in the United States, and those three roles have revealed to me and I think will reveal to the fans that motherhood has given me an understanding of the deep-rooted instincts of woman and will enable me to interpret with sureness characters that otherwise I would only have been able to vaguely understand."

Mary Marsh Arms, the little daughter of *Mae Marsh.*

MAE MARSH has been away from the screen, the American screen, for several years. She is going to surprise her followers when she returns, for she is nearer the fascinating little girl who played in "The Birth of a Nation" than she has been since her marriage. She looks as youthful, and as wistful, as ever. But she has added something else to her character, and that something else is, in all probability, her knowledge of life as it has come to her through marriage. Then she was a girl actress. Now she is a woman. That, essentially, is the difference.

"I was ranching when an emissary from England traveled the 12,000 miles from London to California to tell me that if I wanted to I could star in two English productions. Baby had just reached the age when I could safely afford to turn the business of feeding and clothing and putting to sleep over to someone else. Naturally with a mother and a sister who were both willing to play the parts of that somebody else, I felt free to accept the engagement. It turned out to be the finest experience I have had, for my work in England was among strangers, in a strange land, yet it gave me a knowledge of my ability to carry on still farther in picture work.

SO I MADE two pictures which were produced in England, but which were as well produced as any American picture. One of them, 'Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing,' turned out to be one of the big English pictures of the year. The average English newspaper doesn't toady much to the movies. It has no fan page and gives little space to reviews. But 'Paddy' went over so big that we obtained flattering comment from all the London press. It will shortly be released in America.

"After finishing that contract I came back to the United States and for a few weeks gave all my time to baby. But I soon had to begin work on the new Griffith picture, and that has kept me busy all winter.

"I don't see why I shouldn't give credit where credit is due, and as much credit will go to baby in the future as baby deserves. By that I mean that bankers' wives, and newspaperwomen, and legitimate actresses, and even women athletes—Mrs. Bundy, the tennis star, for instance—they all have children and the world does not look at them in astonishment. Moreover, screen stars have children, too. One only has to point to Claire Windsor, Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee, June Caprice, and many others to prove that point.

"And I have a little bone to pick with those who try to infer that I am staging a 'come-back' to pictures. Athletes have to come back, because their success depends on their physical stamina, and very rarely will physical energy, once lost because of time, return.

"But I think that most motion picture stars make the mistake of producing and appearing in too many pictures each year. They try to appear in from five to seven pictures each year with the result that fans expect to see them on the screen about once every two months. But very often stage players do not appear in a new play more often than once every two or three years. George Arliss has not appeared in a new play in two seasons. Mrs. Fiske just returned after being away for two years. Maud Adams has not had a new play on the American stage in many seasons. If she should decide to return, she would not be said to be staging a 'come-back.'"

THEN CAME the old-fashioned emphatic Mae Marsh expression of determination, a flounce of the head and a sharpening of the glance.

"You can tell the fans that I have always been with them. My work was merely temporarily interrupted, for the sake of an experience I would not have missed for anything in the world."

And that experience was the holding of a crooning baby in her arms and the realization that the baby was hers, entirely, fully hers.

It is a profound influence for any woman to have enter her life—the more so when it struck in vibrating harmony upon an exquisitely fine and sensitive a nature such as Mae Marsh's, and its very fact established at once a closer relationship between her and her art.

"A Man Can Love Four Women at One Time"—

says Spanish Playwright

But only one will be the "good love" adds Jacinto Benavente, the distinguished author of "The Passion Flower," who is now in this country

By Thomas Tarrington

At Right: ***Jacinto Benavente,*** **the celebrated *Spanish* playwright, who recently declared that a man might love four women at the same time.**

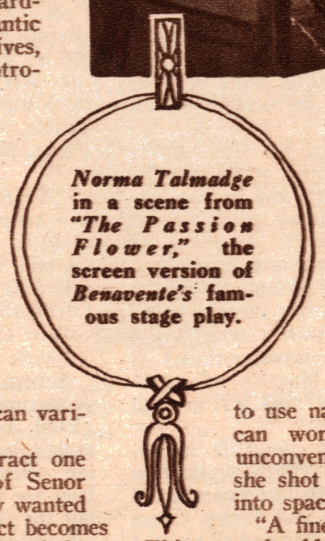
FROM THAT storied land at the end of the sea's moonpath, where a toreador is as much of a hero as Babe Ruth "used-to-be," comes Senor Jacinto Benavente, famous Spanish playwright, with the startling message that there are two kinds of love—"good love" and "bad love"—both of which you are entitled to enjoy to your fullest capacity!

He says, with one great dramatic sweep of his pen, that a man may love two, or three, or four women at a time, but that only one can be the "good love." The other three or four affairs, according to the good Senor, are "bad" loves, and there is an end of the matter.

Senor Benavente's stage play, "The Passion Flower," which was picturized with Norma Talmadge in the leading role, won the 1922 Nobel Prize for literature. This is ample reason for according his views about the grand passion a respectful reception. But, when you realize that he has also given such masterpieces to the world as "The Evil Doers of Good," "The Prince Who Learned Everything Out of a Book," "His Widow's Husband," and many others, there should be utter conviction on our part that he is worthy of addressing the wide world on this subject.

Now, before going into any details with our distinguished visitor from the country of grapes, serenades, and bull fights regarding how impossible it is for his romantic philosophy to apply to our American lives, let me say a word or two, by way of introduction, about the Senor himself.

He is the foremost playwright of Spain. The world hails him as the Shakespeare of Alphonse's kingdom! Certainly no one has a better right to express views on love than the Senor. He must have his fingertips on the very pulse throb of human nature or he would not be the famous dramatist and writer he is.



Norma Talmadge **in a scene from** ***"The Passion Flower,"*** **the screen version of** ***Benavente's*** **famous stage play.**

HE MUST know all about love! But, pardon me, Castilian love, like Spanish blood, and onions, is of a different temperature from our American varieties of these important items in life.

This little aside is not meant to detract one iota from the fame, or the authority of Senor Benavente in the ways of love. I simply wanted to make this statement before the subject becomes so involved as to make me forget I, also, belong within the three mile limit.

This "good" love, if we are to believe Senor Benavente, may be burning in your heart at the same time as the "bad" loves are raging there. It is indeed a complex situation for any man to find himself in, one that no gentleman could extricate himself from without a good deal of hat-doffing and insistent apologies.

Frankly, I confess confusion of the brain cells at this obvious paradox. To my simple American way of thinking about love and women, it seems contradictory to say that a man can divide his heart into two parts, handing out one slice to one woman, and another to a second daughter of Eve.

I have learned through a source which will not permit me to use names that when a certain American woman of prominence heard this unconventional viewpoint of the Senor, she shot the tip of her exquisite nose up into space and said:

"A fine moral doctrine to be preaching! This man should go to Hollywood at once. That is the only place where his views would be in their proper environment. Movie stars would applaud him. With their ideas about love, marriage, trial marriages, and divorce, they would find in his words some new excuse to continue 'free love' practices!"

Of course this woman is a movie enemy. She belongs to that union of hammer wielders that make a business of knocking the films from one cock-crow until another.

This, then, is the romantic philosophy of a man who stands before the court of public opinion, respected, applauded and admired, for the sheer talent that makes him an interpreter of human nature—a veritable mouthpiece of life!

It is the kind of philosophy which this woman enemy of the movies is attributing to the beautiful women, and the interesting men on the silver sheet.

And why?

Because—here in America it is not quite the thing to give full sway to such romantic liberties as Benavente champions, and, if it can be hinted or suggested that movie stars notoriously share such ideas about love and marriage, our enemies feel that they have dealt the films a body blow.

WELL, IT is for the benefit of these knockers that I am writing this story. I just want to prove that most movie stars are old-fashioned in their ideals of love when it comes to a comparison with the romantic philosophy of a very famous and brilliant man, whose literary and dramatic work is universally respected and admired.

Before producing this proof, however, it will be best to investigate Senor Benavente's radical theory about love, and acquaint him with a situation which makes his doctrine almost entirely incompatible with American ideals of love and marriage that exist in the home of the bricklayer, the banker, the policeman, the manufacturer, the clerk and the movie star.

In almost direct opposition to such views of free love, trial marriages, promiscuous love-making and romancing, I am going to quote what several well-known picture folks have to say on this very vital topic.

Says Diana Allen:

"When I get married, it isn't going to be a trial marriage. Oh, no! Not for me! When I marry, I will want to live off somewhere in a cottage for two."

Do you not agree that this lovely young Famous

(*Continued on page 29*)

"The White Rose" is D. W. Griffith's latest

Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello in a charming scene from "The White Rose."

Film romance of old South is most recent offering of master craftsman, featuring Mae Marsh, Ivor Novello and Carol Dempster

By Charles E. Dexter

D. W. GRIFFITH has another mystery.

Not another mystery story, but another mystery. The mystery in this case is his newest production, which thus far has the name, "The White Rose."

It is to be a Griffith production totally different from any which has thus far appeared.

Gone are the days of the rides of the Ku Klux Klan, or of the girl with the pardon, or of the ice packs, or any of the other sensational Griffith climaxes of other days and other pictures.

Instead we are to have a slice of life, a story dealing with everday characters, men and women such as we meet on the street every day of our lives. And they are to appear in commonplace settings, doing commonplace things. Their appeal, Mr. Griffith believes, will be derived from the fact that he has made them so realistic that they will step out of the screen and enter the lives of the people who will watch them from comfortable theatre seats.

As a little flapper, *Mae Marsh* returns to the screen in *D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose."*

No one knows under what title "The White Rose" will be released. Not even Mr. Griffith has an inkling of the name it will bear. Nor will anyone tell anything of the movement of the story, of its big scenes. But I know enough of it to state that it has to do with people in all classes of life, society women ,flappers, ordinary middle class folk, and the lower strata of poverty and crime.

Its locale is the south and to the south Mr. Griffith took his company. There he made all of his exteriors, many at New Orleans, where several weeks were spent, and others at Miami, Florida.

MAE MARSH plays the leading role, that of a flapper. She is going to surprise her old admirers by her youthfulness and the advance she has made since last she appeared in pictures with Goldwyn.

Carol Dempster has the part of a society girl. Miss Dempster is also progressing rapidly in her grasp of the technique of the screen and her work in this picture will undoubtedly create a demand for her in star roles.

The leading man is Ivor Novello. Mr. Novello has been introduced to American pictures in several English productions, but all who have seen him in the "rushes" of the new Griffith production say that he will be the screen sensation of the year so far as male stars are concerned.

The fans may look forward, therefore, to a production fully up to the old Griffith standard, and one that will surprise because it employs new methods evolved by the peer of American picture directors.

THIS departure of Griffith in abandoning the huge scenic effects which are indissolubly linked with his name and constitute an epoch in the art of motion pictures, will probably bear fruitful results, for, like David Belasco, Mr. Griffith is an artist who, whether in dealing with large or with concentrated effects, may be certain to hit the mark he is shooting at.

This present method employed in "The White Rose," which is an intensive method, will focus the interest on the drama of the story and on the personalities involved in such a manner as to extract the maximum entertainment quality in terms of dramatic interest. Coupled with this is a development of Mae Marsh during her absence from the screen, a development which has been caused largely by the fact that she is now a wife and a mother. An untold wealth of emotional art is sure to be released with Miss Marsh's return to the screen, and "The White Rose" and Mr. Griffith will be the gainers by it.

Extraordinary care has been used, it is announced, in filming this new Griffith production for the rivalry which Mr. Griffith has experienced from directors like Rex Ingram and James Cruze has spurred this master of screencraft on to greater efforts.

The delicate artistry that he employed with such consummate results in "Broken Blossoms," as well as the accelerated tempo of "One Exciting Night," will combine in his most recent effort toward a realization, in part, if not in whole, of the perfect picture—the picture so rich in dramatic interest that its spectators will be held spellbound from start to finish. It is the peculiar forte of Mr. Griffith to achieve the screencraft, and it is predicted that in "The White Rose" he will outdo himself for all of the aforementioned reasons.

One of the big productions of 1924 will be "Chu Chin Chow," a screen version of the famous spectacle of the stage which holds the world's record for continuous performances. Under the direction of United Artists, a company sailed for Algiers last week to make this picture. In the leading role will be Betty Blythe, who in this instance is cast in a part which fits her exactly, that of an exotic Oriental woman of beauty.

"Chu Chin Chow" is the story of a Chinese merchant who enters an Arabian City and who falls in love with a woman of the Levant. It has many spectacular effects and is rich in incident.

It ran for over five years in England and its American production ran over a year in New York and then toured the country for several years.

Miss Blythe completed "The Girl Who Got Everything," the last of the series of four pictures she made during the seasons of 1922 and 1923 for Whitman Bennett, before leaving for the Near East. This production was filmed in the Bennett studios in Yonkers.

The Talmadges have also begun production on two new pictures. Norma's newest film is "Ashes of Vengeance," and in the cast will be Conway Tearle, Wallace Beery, Betty Francis, Courtney Foote, and Winter Hall.

CONSTANCE is to appear in "Dulcy," the stage play, which concerns the girl who always says the right thing at the wrong time. Her leading man will be Jack Mulhall, and in the supporting cast will be Claude Gillingwater, Ann Wilson, Ann Cornwall, Andre de Beranger, Milla Davenport, Gilbert Douglas, Lucy Beaumont and Fred Cavena.

Frank Lloyd is directing Norma's picture.

Several well-known producers of serials are preparing to export some of their recently completed product to China where, strange to say, serials have found unusual favor among the Chinese. Just what explanation lies back of Mongolian love for the picture of serial character is unknown, but the report is that the Chinese prefer serials to any other type of movie.

A new series of six special features have been assigned to Viola Dana by Metro.

Harry Carey's new picture, entitled "The Miracle Baby," is a screen adaptation of a magazine story by Frank Pierce. In the cast supporting the star are Margaret Landis, leading lady, Charles J. Le Movne, Edward Hearn, Hedda Nova, Edmund Cobb, Alfred Allen and Bert Sprotte. Val Paul is directing the new Carey vehicle.

$10,000 REWARD for the Right Word

Preferred Pictures announces a prize contest for new and original titles for photoplays

By Leo Brummer

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS a word!

Do you think you could earn ten thousand dollars for a word?

When Theodore Roosevelt was paid a dollar a word for his story of his African explorations, the world gasped.

Now you, you, who perhaps have never written a line, can earn ten thousand dollars for a single word.

But the word must be a motion picture title that will earn more than ten thousand dollars for the company which will produce a picture using that word for a title.

Ten thousand for the first word.

Twenty thousand for two words.

Twenty-five thousand for three words.

Such is the offer of B. P. Schulberg, president of Preferred Pictures Corporation.

"Our pictures speak for themselves," says Mr. Schulberg, "but our titles speak for our pictures. Our two most successful pictures of the year from a box office standpoint have been 'Rich Men's Wives' and 'Poor Men's Wives.' Titles such as these are worth every cent of ten thousand dollars a word, and we are willing to buy equally attractive titles according to that scale.

"The only condition is that the title be no longer than three words. That is the usual requirement of the movie title.

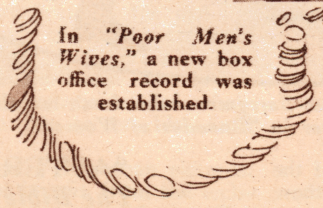
"My chief reason for making the offer is that I believe that no picture, however good, cannot be helped by a better title. And a title such as that of the two Preferred Pictures I have mentioned has easily been worth more than twenty-five thousand dollars to us."

IF YOU plan to enter this contest, study the names of successful movies of the past and work from that basis toward an original combination of words. Remember that not always has a movie been successful because of its title, but in spite of it. Many movies are adapted from novels and plays and continue to use the name of the original, with the result that they vary from the usual run of movie titles.

Remember, too, that sexy titles are not particularly in vogue any more, although titles with a faint suggestion of sex, such as "Adam's Rib," are valuable.

Marguerite De La Motte, Lon Chaney and Harrison Ford in a scene from "Shadows."

"Rich Men's Wives" did additional business on its title alone.



In "Poor Men's Wives," a new box office record was established.

Here are some instances of title changes for the movies:

"La Giaconda," an opera, became "The Devil's Daughter."

"La Tosca," also an opera, became "The Song of Hate."

"The Jewels of the Madonna," another opera, became "Sin."

"That Lass of Lowrie's" became "Secret Love."

Tennyson's famous poem, "Maud," became "Naked Hearts."

Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" became "Male and Female."

The above titles were those of movies of from three to five years ago. In recent years, however, the tendency has been away from such titles as "Sin" and "Naked Hearts." The two last Rex Ingram pictures are instances in point. "Black Poppy" became "Trifling Women," a sex title, while "The Passion Vine," which is a sex title, became "Where the Pavement Ends."

Pola Negri's first picture to be released in America, the famous "Passion," was originally called "Madame Du Barry." The success of "Passion" resulted in an avalanche of one-word titles such as "Deception," "Conceit," "Reputation," "Conflict," etc. But most of the good words of this sort have been used up by movie producers in the last year and more recently clever word combinations have been more in demand.

IF YOU are looking for rules to help you, avoid titles in which such words as "sin," "devil," "hell," "passion," etc., are used. Seek some title expressive of a simple and universal human struggle, some title which suggests a problem but does not necessarily hint at its solution.

And note recent releases and try to understand why, in each case, a certain title was chosen.

This list may help you:

"Forget Me Not," "Desire," "Modern Marriage," "Greed," "Children of Dust," "The Brass Bottle," "Don't Marry For Money," "Lilies of the Field," "The Three Ages," "The Day of Faith," "Children of Jazz," "The Orphan," "The Spy," "Enemies of Women," "Can a Woman Love Twice?" "Nobody's Bride," "The Bolted Door," "The Midnight Guest," "Girl I Loved," "Mad Love."

"We will take as many titles as hold out promise and seem available for our purposes," said Mr. Schulberg. "There is no fear that too many good titles will be submitted, the fear is that there will be too few.

"In the last two years the number of good picture titles not already used for books, plays or songs, has been pathetically few. Whereas it seems easy to concoct a few words that will attract attention and arouse interest in the object they describe, writers seem to find it the most difficult of their literary tasks.

"In many cases books or plays have been purchased at unprecedented prices in order to obtain the title. Of course, no play can live unless it merits success, regardless of its title.

"Through this offer we hope to get a number of titles that will assure success to an equal number of equally good pictures. If the titles are forthcoming we will attempt to make good every promise they may hold out to the theatre-goer."

Send all title suggestions to B. P. Schulberg, Preferred Pictures, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

"Safety Last"

Harold Lloyd **risks his neck in a perilous stunt from** ***"Safety Last."***

"SAFETY LAST"
Thrills and Laughs by Harold Lloyd

"Safety Last" has the merit of showering laughs from start to finish. And if that isn't the object of any comedy, we want to know what is.

Most of those who will see "Safety Last" will inevitably compare it with Charlie Chaplin's last picture, or with Buster Keaton's. Comparison is unfair. Chaplin is Chaplin and Lloyd is Lloyd. Their methods are different. Their pictures are different. So if "Safety Last" is perhaps no utterly new departure in comedies, it nevertheless is impressed with Harold Lloyd's pleasing personality throughout and will make millions of people laugh and hold their breath and laugh again before it is run for the last time.

Lloyd plays the part of a country boy who gets a job in a department store and who tries to fool his country sweetheart into believing that he is succeeding in life, although he really is earning only $15.00 a week as a clerk. Eventually he earns $1,000 by a publicity stunt into which he is forced, the climbing of a twelve-story building, clinging by his fingertips to the outer wall.

But the story doesn't matter in "Safety Last." And it doesn't matter whether Lloyd really risked his life by climbing such a building or whether trick photography effected the same result. The refreshing situations, the original comedy gags, and Lloyd's familiar self, suffice to win the viewer's heart, to make him interested in the boy in the picture, and to make him laugh.

Don't fail to put "Safety Last" on the list of pictures you must see. Its seven reels are seven good cures for the blues.

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"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
Featuring Lionel Barrymore

"Enemies of Women" lives fully up to its promise.

Vicente Blasco Ibanez wrote a novel which reveals the inner life of the blase nobleman and sensuous European society woman of before the war, and which shows how the blasting fire of the great conflict cleansed even the souls of these parasites of society.

Cosmopolitan produced the picture by spending money lavishly, by sending an entire company to Paris and Monte Carlo to make exterior scenes—imagine going on location to Monte Carlo! And the best possible actors, a director as capable as Alan Crosland and a scenic artist of the fame of Joseph Urban were engaged to give life to the Ibanez story.

This they have done to the best of their ability. The result is a picture appealing to the eye, fascinating because of its splendor when it is not thrilling.

Lionel Barrymore, as the decadent Russian Prince, who forms a group of men pledged to hate women and to use them only for base purposes, creates a screen role which is deeply artistic. Alma Rubens is beautiful as the exotic Duchess de Lille and she acts better than at any other time in her career. The remainder of the cast glitters with names, Pedro de Cordoba, Gareth Hughes, Gladys Hulette, William H. Thompson, William Collier, Jr., Paul Panzer, and the famous beauty chorus of the Ziegfeld Follies. And all play up the opportunities offered them, especially Mr. Panzer, who fights a breath-taking duel with Mr. Barrymore, and Mr. Collier, who is engagingly sincere in a role which fits him perfectly.

"Enemies of Women" is thoroughly European in atmosphere. There is no pretense in it. Its characters are held up to the mirror of the camera as examples of the inbreeding of the Old World's wealth and nobility. They aren't nice, these men and women. They require a catastrophe such as the war to awaken them to their responsibilities. But they form the basis of a fascinating screen story, one that is always eye-filling and seldom dull. Even the war shots will jolt a public fed on news reels for four heart-breaking years.

Here is one more picture on the 1923 roll of honor. Don't fail to see it.

As a duellist, ***Lionel Barrymore*** **wins fresh laurels with** ***Paul Panzer*** **in** ***"Enemies of Women."***

"AFTER SIX DAYS"
The Bible on the Screen

You've never heard of this picture?

It hasn't been released yet in your town?

Probably not. But it ought to be shown in the biggest theatre in every city in the United States, for it is one of the most meritorious screen productions ever made.

Here is a film which traces the story of the Bible from creation to the time of King Solomon, when the wise king sang his song of songs to his

A RIOT OF LAUGHTER

Harold Lloyd's latest comedy by far the most amusing—"Enemies of Women," "Vanity Fair" *and* "After Six Days" *among other pictures reviewed* :: :: :: :: *By Lewis F. Levenson*

THE MONTH'S TEN BEST PICTURES

1—**"Safety Last."**—Harold Lloyd's latest and best picture.
2—**"Othello."**—A superb picturization of Shakespeare's immortal drama.
3—**"Grumpy."**—Theodore Roberts in the best picture and the best role of his career.
4—**"Enemies of Women."**—A splendid spectacle and excellent story as well.
5—**"After Six Days."**—The Bible on the screen and masterfully executed.
6—**"Souls for Sale."**—A story of Hollywood that holds the interest.
7—**"The Frozen North."**—Buster Keaton's best comedy of the year.
8—**"The Fourth Musketeer."**—A prize-fighting story with lots of pep.
9—**"Nobody's Bride."**—A crook melodrama with a novel twist.
10—**"Glimpses of the Moon."**—A high society type of story that drags in interest.

One of the *King Solomon's* wives in *"After Six Days."*

Mabel Ballin* plays *Becky Sharpe* in the screen version of *"Vanity Fair."

lily of the fields. And this picture *is* the Bible, without ornamentation, told baldly, shocking sometimes in its very baldness. "After Six Days" is not a mere movie. It is an historical record.

Before your eyes you see Eden, you see Cain slay Abel, you see a graphic portrayal of the flood, of the Ark riding the flood. You witness the building of the Tower of Babel, the confusion of the peoples when they wake to find each man with a foreign tongue on his lips. You go with Joseph in his wanderings, you follow his brethren into Egypt where Joseph is the right-hand man of the Pharaoh and you enjoy the magic story of Joseph's revelation of himself to those who had left him in the hands of the robbers. And then Moses appears on the screen, a mighty Moses, leading his people out of the wilderness at the order of God, and you sense the tremendous drama in Moses' gesture of Godhood, which results in his own abasement before the God he forgot for only a moment. Then Solomon lives before your eyes, and the beautiful love story of the Bible is told sharply, in quick, clarifying strokes, ending the sequence of scenes of the Old Testament's story.

"After Six Days" is a tremendous picture. It is said that it required five years in the making. Apparently tens of thousands of persons appeared in it. The number of leading characters runs into the hundreds. The settings defy description. Battles, pestilence, pageants, movements of whole peoples, flit and pass on the screen like frail shadows.

It shares the faults of many European pictures. Made in Italy, it could not benefit from the technical resources of American screen producers. But in power, in breadth and in all the elements that make a picture truly noteworthy, it excels.

Children will understand the Bible better for having seen "After Six Days." Older folk will recall their Sunday School lessons, and will turn once again to the pages of the immortal book. And everyone will find thrills, romance and entertainment in this film, which ranks high among the great pictures of the screen. If "After Six Days" has not been shown in your town, write to your theatre and ask the manager to book it. He will profit thereby and so will you.

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"VANITY FAIR"

An Unsatisfactory Picture

"Vanity Fair" might have been a remarkable picture.

The Thackeray novel has all the requirements of a screen success, the vamp, the faithless husband, the great Charity Ball scene, the Battle of Waterloo.

Goldwyn's production, directed by Hugo Ballin, is one of the great disappointments of the screen. It never, save pictorially, touches the spot. And its failure is difficult to understand, for "Vanity Fair" was once played on the stage, with Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharpe, and it was a phenomenal success.

The picture is tedious, mixed up, lacks continuity, brushes over many dramatic incidents, is miscast, and—in fact—commits so many sins that it is difficult to understand what factors contributed to its completely negative value as entertainment. Perhaps Mr. Ballin stuck too closely to the novel. But even so, the many minor faults in the production might have been corrected.

"Vanity Fair" tells of the lives of two girls, one of whom marries for love, the other marries for expediency. The latter, Becky Sharpe, evolves into a woman who lives by her wits, and who ruins her husband, her chum's husband, her lovers, and almost everyone who has anything to do with her.

Never, during the film, do you obtain an idea of the real character of Becky. Mabel Ballin, who plays that role, simply cannot act the part of a woman of the world. She is too sugary, too petite. Earle Fox and Harrison Ford, the husbands, are miscast. They should have changed roles. Eleanor Boardman is satisfactory as Amelia, the chum of Becky.

The film runs entirely to interiors. These are over-elaborate, and in some cases so out of keeping with the period of 1815, during which the action takes place, that it is difficult to conceive how an artist like Hugo Ballin could have approved them. The ceiling of one set looked like a futurist painting. The charity ball setting was grotesque.

The final sin of the producers of "Vanity Fair" was their effort to make a final close-up of Becky Sharpe. "Vanity Fair" proves that Thackeray has yet to find his screen producer.

JOHN BOWERS
appearing in
"The Woman of Bronze"

MABEL NORMAND
starring in
"Suzanna"

This is what Lila LEE'S Face tells you

"Lila Lee's face," says Mr. de Sola, "shows a sense of ease and a keen relish for luxuries."

Character analysis of dainty screen star's features reveals that she is credulous, easy going and somewhat curious, according to

Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is.—EDITOR.

Lila Lee

CHARACTER READING: *These features reveal a character that is credulous, easy-going, somewhat curious. There is much good-nature in the face, and a simple honesty. Observation is well-marked, as is a quiet self-understanding. The sex appeal is strong, and the character is well balanced, optimistic, and inclined to take things as they come. It is the face of one easily prejudiced for or against but not apt to take things too seriously.*

IT IS a far cry from the part of a child-actress with Gus Edwards' Revue, playing in a vaudeville circuit, to the position of one of the leading heroines of the screen.

Lila Lee is still young enough to undergo great development and a large change. Her character, as suggested by her features, would seem to declare that she is still in a transformation period. What that will finally evolve into, no one can say. In the meantime, however, we have a very clearly-etched portrait of her present.

In the larger sense of the word she was first heard of in the unforgotten "Male and Female." Since then she has perhaps shown an excellent measure of her powers, like Nita Naldi, in "Blood and Sand." Her gift is for quick, deft portrayals, and here she resembles Douglas Fairbanks in seeming to present in all simplicity her own personality. From this angle she is not an actress at all. As yet she does not need to be.

SHE HAS a superb self-confidence in her eyes and mouth that should carry over any obstacles. The eyes, too, are emotional, but the emotions are everywhere checked and held in rein by the characteristics which other features proclaim.

Thus she has practicality in the excellently moulded forehead, self-knowledge in the eyes, a deep humor that does not permit her emotions to go too far, in the expression of the mouth and the lines created by her smile.

The slightly tilted nose shows a nature that has a natural feminine curiosity, and is quickly persuaded to see the comic side of life. So large is her humor, in fact, strong in mouth and chin, that she can more easily laugh at things than feel deeply regarding them, in spite of her emotional background.

Her sex appeal is definitely a strong one. There is, first of all, the emotional side I have indicated in the large clear eyes, and in the flexible mouth. But the contours of the face again produce a contradiction, the contradiction of the easy-going nature which makes its chief appeal through helplessness or frailty.

Her sex appeal is not one that challenges and incites domination in men, but rather one that admits conquest from the start and demands protection.

The face shows a sense of ease and a keen relish for luxuries. Yet the eyes would seem to indicate that here is a person who can be happy without even the most ordinary comforts provided her "atmosphere" is right.

That atmosphere would probably consist of people. She would require to be surrounded by people not too sharp, or critical, or exacting, people inclined to take life in the same easy-going manner as herself to find complete satisfaction.

The mouth is optimistic as well as good-humored, and expects the best will always be the result of every endeavor. Only in the eyes is there any indication of moodiness, and this is slight, and must occur rarely.

The mouth is unselfish, though it is not easily moved to a ready sympathy. There is a feminine and even appealing obstinacy in the chin, and a love of peace and amity in the brows.

Here is a player who exemplifies most fully the feminine spirit, with the feminine contradictions. Her strong, practical make-up has made her.

Her disposition is even and gentle, but she has the typical good-natured person's balancing characteristic of a keen temper when she is wounded or aroused, as eyes and eyebrows obviously testify.

Wise by instinct, Lila Lee does not take things too seriously. She finds the world an excellent place, and unlike Charles Chaplin, for example, she does not wonder if it could not be better. Her harmony of features makes for real beauty, and there is little reason to think that she will not be able to hold her audiences for a long time yet.

After that, it depends on what life does to Lila Lee. Will her face at that time reveal a growth of character that enables her to play larger parts with the same sympathy she now plays the sweet girl of the happy ending story?

THERE is enough of brooding emotion in her face to promise this, but her humor so far has it too thoroughly in command to permit her to express it very vitally. Her good nature will always win friends, and make her path smooth for her in any event.

It is a face, however, that reveals a nature subject to the thrall of a great love, if a man capable of inspiring the same should come into her life. But as yet she seems untouched by such an experience, such a supreme emotion.

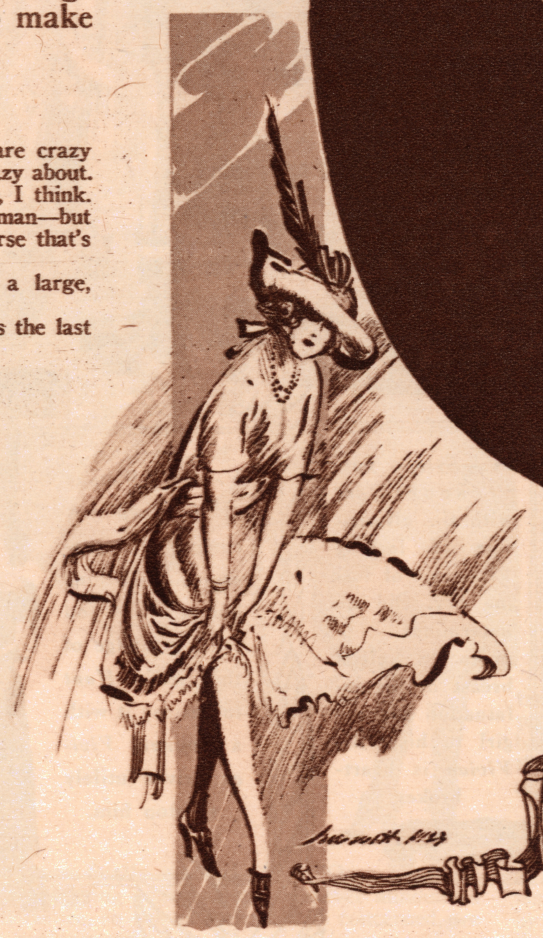
Her hold upon the public is one of simplicity, almost ingenuousness. Her direct, fearless gaze is sane and kindly. Her outlook is serene, and every feature shows the person to whom life has been gracious, showering her with gifts and favors from infancy. She is certainly a success. But perhaps she will have to fail before she succeeds as only she could.

Girls! keep your own money!

advises Corinne Griffith—

Well known screen star tells what marriage has meant to her and how she intends to make a success of it

By Grace Kingsley



"This is the advice I would give all women," says *Corinne Griffith*, "keep your own money that you earn."

I DON'T think women always marry the men they are crazy about—not as often as men marry women they are crazy about. Women are a little more calculating as a usual thing, I think. They say to themselves, 'Oh, there's a fascinating man—but not to marry!' If head and heart both approve, of course that's the ideal state of things."

Now you would expect that remark to come from a large, strong-minded-looking dame, wouldn't you?

But it didn't. Corinne Griffith said it! And Corinne is the last word in daintiness and femininity.

Anyhow she seemed like Corinne next minute:

"Were you——" I began in a delicate, tentative fashion.

"Yes, I was," smiled Miss Griffith, interrupting me. "I was crazy about my husband when I married him, and I still am. He is Webster Campbell, the director, you know. We've always worked together in the studio, and I hope we are always going to. We know each other's work so well. We're pals and lovers, and it's all very wonderful."

Corinne's eyes sparkled like sapphires under the lights in the tea room, and her cheery lips parted in a half-roguish smile over her white teeth.

"So you see you didn't catch me at all!" she triumphed. "Have tea or fruit punch?"

"Well, you look young enough to be somebody's little girl just out of school," I said, "but I suppose we just must get back to that 'human interest' interview that my editor was so strong for. But I must say you look much more as though you would discuss the best way to pull off a fudge party at boarding school in the 'dead waste and middle of the night,' than divorce, and that you would have had more experienced ideas on matinees than on matrimony."

"Part of my business!" said Corinne, setting her teeth into a bit of cinnamon toast. "I want to confide something to you!" she went on, holding the bit of toast in mid-air. "This is the advice I would give all women! Keep your own money that you earn. Let your husband support you. The old idea of man as protector of woman should never be lost!"

"'Out of the mouths of babes——'" I quoted.

"Women should never allow themselves to lose their femininity," she went on.

"What do you think about divorce?" I asked, feeling at the moment as if I were asking Baby Peggy the question, so childish did Corinne look.

BUT SHE was quite equal to the occasion.

"What do I think about divorce? Well, I have had no experience along that painful line, but I have my own ideas. I hadn't quite dared to air them before, though. But I read the other day where a minister said that incompatibility should be the strongest reason for granting divorce. So I suppose I may venture to say it now, too. But I think people ought to be careful to be sure it is entire incompatibility. Maybe it's only temporary indigestion, or a little natural reaction from the intimacy of marriage, or something like that."

"And about professional people marrying?" I went on.

Corinne's sapphire eyes flashed.

"Some people say an artist should not be married. Bunk! An artist needs companionship more than less *sympatica* folk. And he certainly needs the experiences of life for the enlargement of his art, his understanding of life on which all art is based. And marriage surely gives an insight into human nature. Why, the way a woman behaves over a spring hat, and the way a man acts when things go wrong with his food, are a liberal education in themselves!"

"But in case of actors, don't you often have to be separated or else sacrifice opportunities?"

"That's just it—sacrifice!" cried Corinne so enthusiastically that three society women at the next table looked around, apparently thinking, "Oh, just another of those picture girls! How excited they do get!" But Corinne didn't notice.

"I think both husband and wife," she said, "should give up something for the sake of marital happiness. That builds character, and character is needed as a basis of artistic achievement, too, say what they will about Byron and some of the others. Just by way of instance—I have just had an offer to go on the stage. But it would mean that I should be separated from my husband, and I'm not going to accept it. Sometime I want to go on the stage, but not until Webb and I can be together.

"But the old type of woman who knows nothing of life is gone. The war changed all that. Even the Southern women came out of their shells. I'm a Southern girl, and I know."

"What do you think about professional women having children—don't you think they have to neglect their youngsters just a bit?"

THEN Miss Griffith said something heretical. So hold on tight!

"I think that often children get better care—more rational care—from others than they get from their own mothers. Parents too often spoil children—don't have the right perspective on them. Certainly adopted children have getter care, better education, because they aren't adopted unless they are very much wanted, while, alas, children are too often unwanted when they are born."

"Maybe that's just your own desire, saying that," I said. "Maybe you are thinking of adopting a baby yourself?"

"Yes, I am," said Corinne candidly. To tell you the truth, I've been looking around for a baby to adopt for some time. I think that women in business and professions will do that more and more. Women are coming to feel more and more responsibility toward the world and society and governments, especially since the war and since they have gone into public life, and as their maternal instinct is forever unsatisfied unless they have children, and as they will more and more come to feel responsi-

(*Continued on page 29*)

"The WOMAN of BRONZE"

A Drama of a Wife's Love

Famous stage play reaches the screen and portrays the sufferings of a wife whose artist husband loves another woman

I.—*Vivian Hunt* (*Clara Kimball Young*) is the wife of *Leonard Hunt* (*Lloyd Whitlock*), a sculptor, who decides to compete in a contest for a Victory Memorial.

III.—*Vivian, Hunt's* wife, discovers the intimacy of *Hunt* and *Sylvia* and persuades him to go away with her to the scene of their honeymoon, hoping thereby to win him back. But the scheme fails.

II.—*Sylvia Morton* (*Kathryn McGuire*) becomes *Hunt's* model for the *Woman of Bronze*, and their association in the studio leads to the development of a love affair between them.

IV.—*Sylvia* now presents *Hunt* with the alternative of leaving *Vivian* or of losing her, and he determines to make a clean breast of his infatuation for the girl to his wife. *Vivian* is heartbroken.

V.—*The Woman of Bronze*, now completed, possesses everything but a soul and the knowledge of this leads *Hunt* to destroy it with a hammer. *Vivian* strives futilely to stop him.

VI.—The departure of *Hunt* causes *Vivian* to turn like a wild cat upon *Sylvia*, blaming her for her husband's ruin and misery. *Sylvia*, terrified, promises not to see him again.

VII.—Upon *Hunt's* return, he seeks *Vivian's* forgiveness, but she tells him she is sailing in the morning for *Italy*. She adds that when she returns—she may forgive. She leaves him—alone.

"No more Marriage for ME!"

Says Katherine MACDONALD

Screen star, who recently planned to retire from the screen and become an old-fashioned wife, has changed her mind

By Ruth Mabrey

"I have no matrimonial instincts," says *Katherine MacDonald*, said to be the most beautiful woman on the screen.

ALAS, POOR young men!

Katherine MacDonald, who has been called "the American beauty," "the most beautiful woman on the screen," and all sorts of fancy appellations like that—the sought-after Katherine MacDonald has cried quits on this marriage business.

No more marriage for her, says Katherine!

All would-be suitors are simply out of luck. And that, it would seem, would include Jack Morrell, who just a few short months ago doubtless considered himself the luckiest man in the world, after the fashion of fiances of beautiful ladies.

For those in the know in Hollywood were quite certain that Miss MacDonald intended to become Mrs. Jack Morrell. It was one of those engagements that everyone knew all about—or thought he knew—even though it was never announced by the persons most concerned. And there was much speculation as to whether the fair Katherine would retire from the screen upon her marriage. Mr. Morrell is quite wealthy and certainly there would be no reason for his wife's continuing her career unless she wanted to.

And then bang! Smash! Blooey! Right in the midst of all the interested speculation shot the pieces of a shattered romance. All bets are off on the MacDonald-Morrell wedding. So badly shattered is the romance, that Miss MacDonald asserts that not only is she not going to marry Mr. Morrell, but that she is through with marriage completely, forever and ever, and all that sort of thing. And quite obviously, she means what she says—at least for the present. As for the future—well, hers is a very rash statement!

Katherine MacDonald, world famous screen beauty, who will henceforth keep house alone.

The public was palpitating with impatience, waiting for Miss MacDonald and Mr. Morrell to speak right up in meeting and admit they were engaged, when suddenly the bombshell burst. Mr. Morrell, the rumor began and spread, had abruptly packed up the old shaving kit and other essentials and departed for parts unknown, but guessed to be Bermuda or Honolulu or some such place where the scenery is entirely different.

Miss MacDonald refuses to say where Mr. Morrell went and why. She points out that she never said they were engaged, but, on the contrary, denied it. She does admit, however, that they were talking of announcing the engagement when off dashed Mr. Morrell in a tiff. But the most interesting part—what the tiff was all about—she refuses to discuss.

AS FOR Miss MacDonald herself, she fled to the San Gabriel hills for a "vacation." But her secretary, who was first asked about the broken engagement, unwittingly gave away the truth. "Oh, my, how did that get out?" she asked, startled, thereby confirming the rumor. And she must have been considerably shaken, because she went so far as to divulge Miss MacDonald's whereabouts, which simply isn't done in secretarial circles.

"I have denied three times that I was engaged to Mr. Morrell," said Miss MacDonald when the interviewer finally reached her. "Once we were talking of being engaged, but we never announced it; therefore, so far as the public is concerned, we were not engaged.

"I guess I ought to know," she added, defiantly.

"What about a quarrel between you and Mr. Morrell?" we asked.

"I can't discuss that," she declared in a grand dame-ish manner, but her blush made her look school-girlish in spite of herself.

"Have you any matrimonial plans?" we inquired then. That's the trouble with being a movie star. You can't have any plans all for your private personal use. Every plan you concoct you have to share with an eager public.

"No," she replied, "and no matrimonial instincts!"

But a psychologist might have suspected that the bitterness of the moment was largely responsible for her emphatic statement.

"As I said," she admitted, "there might have been an announcement—we were talking of it. But that's all over now. I have no matrimonial plans. You know that old saying, 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride?' Well, I've been a bridesmaid seven times."

"But you've already been a bride," we reminded her, remembering that she was formerly married to Malcolm Strauss, well-known artist.

"Well, I won't be again," she asserted.

"Is it true that you and Mr. Morrell quarrelled?" we asked.

"I can't discuss that," she insisted. But her manner said a great deal more than words.

Her friends, however, admit that there certainly must have been some sort of quarrel—and a very definite one. Otherwise a suitor who has been the soul of devotion for several years would not pack himself off precipitately. So, on the whole, things look pretty bad for Mr. Morrell. For Miss MacDonald claims that she is not in the habit of changing her mind, and that when she says no, she means no.

Of course changing her mind is one of the things women are always supposed to be doing—probably unjustly supposed. Men change their minds quite as often!—but Miss MacDonald intimates that she isn't that kind of person. And certainly, judging by the firmness of her refusal to say whether or not there was really a quarrel, Miss MacDonald is a strong-minded woman. She had obviously made up her mind not to say yes or no to anything and she stuck to her story.

IF ONLY her eyes and her blushes had been as easily controlled as her words, her refusal to commit herself would have carried more weight. But when one says defensively, "Well, the engagement was never announced," and then blushes hotly, what is her hearer to believe?

Of course there is a chance that when Mr. Morrell gets through playing the ukelele in Honolulu he will again lay siege to the heart and hand of the famous screen beauty.

But if her no is as firm as she thinks it is, it will be a forlorn task to try to win her again.

For now she has said no to the whole subject of matrimony. Her contract with Mayer will soon be concluded, and she may do one of two things—form her own company, or retire from the screen. She has saved and invested much of her salary in the past and has amassed more or less of a fortune. So she can do very much as she pleases about her career.

But one thing about her plans she is perfectly sure of. They do not include marriage.

"Marriage!" says Katherine. "Never again!"

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Are You a Failure?

A Preferred Picture featuring
Madge Bellamy** and **Lloyd Hughes

Fictionized by
Edward Ettinger
(IN TWO PARTS)

The story of a bashful Romeo who turned failure into success

***Oliver** had to put on rubbers and raincoat and carry a green umbrella.*

LET ME say right here, for the benefit of them customers what came in late, that there ain't no earthly reason for anyone being what you call a failure in these United States, so long as they is a correspondence school left what is still got a postage stamp in the safe.

I say this cause it was put acrost by a lad from my home town. He was by the name of Oliver Wendell Blaine. This here lad was born into hard luck. He picked a father and mother what died on his hands, in his early ages. If little Oliver had gone to the bow-wows then, it wouldn't a been half so bad. But a worse calamity befell upon him. His two maiden aunts decided that they was going to bring up this future President of these here United States.

One of the team was Aunt Emily. She was the kind what wears little curls near the ears and is got a mouth like a slot in a letter box. The other one was Aunt Charlotte. She would a made a fine model for a ironing board. They was some very fine points to Aunt Charlotte, especially around the elbows and the knees.

Well, betwixt the two of them, they made out of this here promising young lad a Class I, Exhibit A of a perfect boob—no discount. You see, not having been married even once in their young lives, these two maiden aunts thought they was wise to everything about the uprising of children.

Aunt Emily was the sole owner of a pet corn and when this here aforementioned corn pained, she knew it was a sign of rain. In that case, poor Oliver had to put on his rubbers and his raincoat and carry a big green umbrella, no matter even if they wasn't a single cloud in the sky. Aunt Emily had absolute confidence in that there pet corn of hers.

Aunt Charlotte had a wart, but they ain't dependable, so she depended on her barometer what hung on a nail in the hall. When the arrow pointed to "cloudy," that was a signal for Oliver to put on the rainproofs. So, betwixt and between the corn and the barometer, they had the poor boob always dressed up like a walking advertisement for Jupiter Pluvius. The town got so used to seeing Oliver and his rainproof uniform just like you or me got used to seeing the milk on the front doorsteps every morning.

Oliver grew up with the wild, uncontrollable temper of a goldfish and the courage of a canary. This was a kind of surprise to everybody, cause his father was called "Battling Blaine," the river boss. He was a man what always carried two arguments, one of them in each fist, and he was the baby what knew how to work the men what was rolling the logs on the river. The only way which Oliver resembled his father was in the last name.

The maiden aunts had a pow-wow one day and with a unanimous vote they comes to a decision that it wouldn't be refined for Oliver to get a job on the river with the rough men, so they gets him a situation in Jones' Cash Emporium, where you could buy anything from a brass door knob to a brassiere.

Oliver used to go to work every day, with his pal, a dog named "Sport." You know what the Bible says about "Like master, like dog." Well, this was the team they was thinking of when they wrote it. If a little kitten gave this here Sport one unfriendly look, he'd run away like mad, with his tail hanging between his legs. That dog was as ferocious as a chocolate eclair.

ONE DAY when Oliver was walking home from the store, after putting in a hard day's labor measuring ribbons and counting beads, a little sport roadster stopped alongside of him. Phyllis Thorpe, whose father owned the Thorpe Paper and Pulp Co., was sitting at the wheel. She was a pretty jane and she was rich, too. That there kind of a combination don't always happen in the same family. I know, cause I been looking for it for a long time. Alongside of her was sitting one of them there city fellers with patent leather hair divided in the middle and a trick mustache. The doctor told this bird to keep away from cigarettes, so he was keeping a foot away. He was smoking these pills through a holder what was twelve inches long.

"Hello, Oliver," Phyllis says in a voice what was sweet like ice cream.

Oliver just stands there like a plant and looks at her. He was about so talkative like King Tut in the Tombs. Here he was face to face with the girl what he loved and he couldn't say a word.

"I said hello," she repeats it for his benefit.

"Oh, yes," Oliver answers, like waking up from a dream.

He was now getting as red as a bull fighter's flag. He was awfully embarrassed, really. He had two hands too many and he didn't know what to do with them. His feet was giving him a lot of trouble, too. He was shifting from one leg to the other and his lips was paralyzed dumb. If they was giving prizes for bashful Romeos, Oliver would get a loving cup.

"I just got back from New York," Phyllis tells him, trying to start something.

But Oliver was like a Ford car without gas. He just couldn't budge. The situation annoyed this here city feller, Emmet Graves, and he started to yawn right there in the company. Phyllis herself was beginning to feel kind of foolish. To pull a couple of words out of Oliver was like trying to get a couple of dollars out of a bad account.

"Well, so long," she says, and throws the car into first.

Oliver watches them as they ride away.

"I wonder what the trouble is with me, Sport," he says to his friend, the dog. "Now, I haven't seen her for over a year and I didn't have no more conversation in me than a rubber plant. I'm an awful dub. Come on, let's go home."

When he turns the curve, he seen the car again. They was a little ditch near the road and that there car had gone into it with the front wheels.

"Oh, Oliver," Phyllis calls when she seen him, "won't you help me get out?"

Oliver sheds the rainproof outfit like a prize fighter sheds his bathrobe and walks over to the car feeling kind of important.

"I fancy that this will require the assistance of a number of horses," the clothing dummy, Emmet Graves, says in the form of a speech.

"No, if Oliver will help push, I think we will get out of this," Phyllis comes right back of him.

Oliver grabs hold of the mudguard and pushes away for all what he was worth. Phyllis throws the car into reverse and they soon get out of the ditch. Emmet wipes his lily-white hands on a handkerchief, throws it away and gets into the car.

"Thanks very much," Phyllis says, and she gives Oliver a sweet smile. But Oliver is too dizzy to take advantage of it and make a date with her. He ought to drop the "R" in his name. He's awfully green.

"Allow me, young man, for the inconvenience caused you," Emmet speaks up and he hands Oliver something.

Oliver was so busy looking at Phyllis, with that God help me look, that he didn't even notice what was given him and didn't even notice that he took it.

WHEN THE car rides away, he opens his fist and notices that Emmet gave him a half dollar. The nerve of that manicured Lizzie! What a insult that was! Oliver was boiling like a tea kettle. He looks at the coin and throws it in the sand.

(*Continued on page* 30)

"THINK BEAUTY—and you'll get that way!" declares LOIS LEE

This is a story of how beauty came to a girl who desired it so much that she would let herself think only beautiful thoughts

By Grace Greenwood

"DAY BY DAY, in every way——" Lois Lee, beautiful young picture star, thought of it long before Coué did. Well, perhaps not before, for Lois is very young, but at least before the Coué disorder hit us so hard.

Lois's Coué-ing applied as much to her looks as to her health.

Maybe you have almost forgotten Lois Lee. She was the lovely young picture star who played the lady-in-waiting to Alice Terry in Rex Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda," and who before that played several star parts in Universal and Fox pictures.

It was right after playing in "The Prisoner of Zenda" that Miss Lee was stricken with spinal trouble. She underwent a fearful operation on her spine, when a piece of bone six inches long was taken out of her leg and grafted onto the side of the vertebrae, which was split to receive it, in order to strengthen the backbone. She was in a plaster cast for four months, during three weeks of which she lay every moment flat on her stomach. Then she went to the beach to make a business of getting well, but her mother was taken ill, and she says she just had to get well to take care of her mamma.

"There is nothing like having somebody else ill in the house to make you get well yourself!" Lois explained with her sweet smile, as we sat on the front porch of the Hollywood Studio club house, Miss Lee, her mother and I, while the soft spring breezes blew the roses back into the young actress's cheeks.

IT WAS the Hollywood Studio Club, boarding home for young girls not too rich, who are striving to get into pictures, which harbored Miss Lee for several weeks pending her operation. And the girls at the club tell me that when she lay ill there in bed, she never asked anybody to do anything for her, not even to get her a glass of water, but she just waited until somebody, thoughtful for her, came along and offered to be of service to her.

"I have never seen anyone so patient and so sweet," declared one of the girls.

But now all the illness is forgotten. She is back at work in pictures, rosy, well and strong again.

"When I was very little," said *Miss Lee*, "I longed so for beauty that I never let myself grow angry."

Lois Lee and *Alice Terry* in a scene from *"The Prisoner of Zenda."*

And even if you did forget Miss Lee, Rex Ingram did not. As soon as he returned to Hollywood from New York, he asked for the girl who had played with so much appeal in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and when he found her he gave her a nice part in "Scaramouche."

It all seems like a miracle, says Lois.

During those weary months in the hospital, say her friends, Lois was a marvel of sweetness and patience. Only once she wept. That was when, having expected to take the dread cast off her back, she had learned she must wear it for many, many months, even after she left the hospital.

EVEN WHEN the girls from the studio did not come to see her on Sundays, she would say, with a pathetic, tolerant little smile — though sometimes her lips did tremble:

"Oh, well, they are so busy! I know just how it is!"

And every day in every way, Lois just made herself hope and hope. She held desperately to thoughts of beauty and health.

But at the same time she does not forget to give all the credit in the world to Dr. Ellis Jones, the physician who performed the operation, and saved her life, when she and her friends had little money to pay him.

"What did you do all through those weary hours?" I asked.

"Oh, the girls came to see me," replied Lois brightly. "The nurses read to me, and I looked at and sniffed the flowers brought me by dear friends. Really, it was all just too lovely! Don't you adore nurses?"

I suppose that when you are as young and lovely as Lois Lee, nurses are crazy about you.

A clinical interview with a screen beauty is something different, isn't it?

But this story isn't all clinical by any means. It is a story, too, of how beauty came to the girl who desired it so much that she would let herself think only beautiful thoughts. And it reads as thrillingly as Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face," concerning the youth who, you remember, through years of gazing upon the beauty of a face carved on a mountain side, at last attained himself to its nobility of look, so that people in his village at length pointed at him in astonishment, crying: "It was prophesied we were to have a leader like the Great Stone Face! See, he is with us!"

WELL, Lois Lee has anything but a stony face. But she achieved what the youth Ernest did in the matter of making her face conform to an ideal.

She won a beauty prize five years ago —won it on a dare to go into the contest, when she was still in high school, up in Lincoln, Nebraska—which took her into pictures. She declares she has been fooling the public ever since. For she says that she is not a beauty at all.

She was really an ugly duckling as a child, it seems.

"I never considered that I was at all a

(*Continued on page 29*)

A SCREAM in the NIGHT

The Seventh Instalment of

"The Girl Who Came Back"

From the Preferred Picture based on the stage play by

Charles Blaney and Samuel Golding

Novelized by

Lawrence Langdon

"I've got some questions I want to ask you."

The story so far:

Sheila Weston, an unsophisticated country girl, is arrested a moment after she has been married to Ray Underhill, an automobile thief. Both she and Underhill are sent to prison. Underhill, with the connivance of Convict No. 555, an eccentric life termer, escapes with Convict No. 648.

The two men go to a house where No. 648 has some money concealed. Ray is forced to leave the house and to go it alone. He returns to Sheila, who has been released, and in her room in a New York tenement house, he is again arrested. But he has had time to tell Sheila of the money in No. 648's house, and she, determined to avenge herself against miscarried justice, visits that house and steals the money.

She leaves America, going to South Africa where, because of her beauty, she easily enters any society she chooses. She reads that Underhill has been killed in another attempt to escape, and meets and marries Norries, a South African diamond magnate. Against her better judgment she is induced to return to America with her husband and there meets, not only Ray Underhill, but Valhays, who has her former husband in his power. Valhays threatens Sheila and in desperation she plans to flee from Norries. In a letter, she confesses fully and Norries has read it when he is startled by a woman's scream.

WITH a despairing glance back at the house, which, she thought, she was leaving forever, Sheila had hurried through the shadows past the porch and toward the terrace with its trees and shrubs. Not far away Valhays and Ray Underhill were also hastening away, but something prompted Valhays to look back.

He saw Sheila.

"Wait a minute, Ray," he whispered. "Stay right here."

He turned abruptly and went back up the terrace toward Sheila. But something had made Sheila halt on the path. In running on, she had pulled the cape she wore about her shoulders. A button hole caught in the chain she wore about her neck. The single blue white diamond which hung in the lavalliere twinkled in the dim moonlight. She stopped. The diamond recalled happy days, the happiest of her life. She hesitated, unwilling to flee from so much happiness. She waited.

In that moment, Valhays came upon her. He seized her arm, and although she recoiled away from him, he bent over her and laughed harshly.

"Thought you might be up to something like this," he whispered.

"Let me go!" she cried in hushed tones. She summoned all her strength, she fought silently, fiercely with him. But he was too strong. With one arm he gripped her, with the other he snatched the lavalliere from her neck.

"No, no!" she begged. "Don't take that!"

He laughed again, and cruelly twisted her arm, holding her off as he pocketed the diamond.

"Why not?" he sneered. "Won't this help me make up the sum? Go on back and get the money, I'll wait!"

Sheila shook her head and continued her vain struggle. Again he twisted back her arm. Waves of pain surged through it, her shoulder ached.

"Will you go now?" he again demanded.

She set her teeth grimly and unflinchingly bore the pain.

"No!" she sobbed. "No . . . never!"

Again he applied all his strength to twisting her arm. He bent it behind her back. She sank to her knees.

"Will you do as I say?" he cried again.

SHEILA'S face was convulsed with pain, her eyes stared pitifully, her lips trembled, but she again shook her head. But her nerves snapped. She could endure the torture no longer. She threw back her head and emitted a scream that pierced the night and echoed all along the terrace, the house, and the beach below. Valhays thrust his hand over her lips to throttle her warning cry. She freed herself momentarily, cried out again, a high-pitched shriek, but he again caught her arm and again twisted it back.

At that moment Norries came to the balcony of the house, still holding in his hand the letter of confession Sheila had written before she had fled. He peered through the shadows and seemed to see struggling forms in the distance on the sloping terrace.

He did not wait to run downstairs. He tossed the letter away and vaulted over the balcony railing, catching it with one hand, and lowering himself the remainder of the way, falling easily to the ground. Then he ran hurriedly toward the scene of the struggle.

In a moment Norries leaped upon Valhays, wresting Sheila away from her torturer. The girl fell back, her arm limp, half fainting.

Now the two men were at it, fighting fiercely, silently. For a moment they were locked in each other's arms. Then Norries freed a fist. He plowed it deep, hard, against Valhay's head. The man fell, lay prone, then rose deliberately and tore at Norries again. But Sheila's husband now had murder in his eyes. Valhays saw the gleam of hate. He stopped, white-faced, and ran in the opposite direction.

Norries faced Sheila, a question on his lips. The girl turned aside. Uncertainty, fear, flashed across her face. Had he read the note? How would he treat her? What would he say?

Before either could speak, the shrill cry of a whistle made them turn their heads. Through the gateway in front, through the gateway below on the terrace, men were running, policemen apparently. The house was surrounded by a cordon. Sheila and Norries waited and were surprised to again see Valhays scurrying toward them, apparently ignorant of the fact that policemen were on both sides of the estate and that escape was virtually impossible.

Valhays was still ugly as he stood before them. He turned to Sheila, clutched her by the arm, and faced her.

"I was sent up three years ago," he began "It was just for a little deal. That's how I met Underhill. We got away together. Hide me or I'll tell everything—everything I know!"

"You don't have to do that," Norries interrupted, jerking Valhays hand from Sheila's arm. "But come along, anyhow. I've got some questions I want to ask you."

The three turned toward the house, leaving Ray Underhill alone on the terrace.

THE THREE entered the house, Valhays leading. Norries walked through the hall toward the stairs.

"You go on up!" he ordered Sheila. The girl looked wanly at him and dragged herself up, one stair at a time, almost in a state of collapse. She was terrified, afraid of Valhays, who knew her secret, afraid of Norries, who did not know it, but might learn it at any moment; and afraid of the police, the police who might be seeking her, eager to capture her and to throw her back into prison, into the hopeless life of a convict from which she had once escaped.

She disappeared into her room. Norries then faced Valhays.

"Listen to me, Valhays," he said. "Get this! I'm not going to fool with you or trifle with you. I want to know something and I want to get it from you. I'm not going to turn you over to the police yet. I don't know what they want yet. I'm going to give you a chance on the condition that you give me the information I want."

(*Continued on page 27*)

Where Fan Meets Fan

HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

If you have ever seen anything worse than Nazimova in "Salome," I ask you, "What is it?"

I saw the picture at the Modern Theatre in Boston last week and think it a shame that money should be spent in putting on such rot. I don't mean rot from a moral standpoint. If it had only been artistically immoral it would have been worth looking at, but it was absolute burlesque and poor burlesque at that.

Madame looked like a freak and acted like one through the whole picture. So did the man who played John. Mitchell Lewis was got up like a circus clown and the woman who played Salome's mother must have acted as understudy for Polly Moran in the past, judging from the way she conducted herself.

And the costumes!

Since when did Salome wear a one-piece bathing suit and animated cream puffs stuck on the end of wires on her head? And the men with yarn wigs and Passing Show tights and trunks. Ye Gods! The next time I see a Nazimova picture advertised, I shall buy a ticket and go to the Zoo.

CORDELIA CABOT.

Fan Sees Rudolph Dance

One Wonderful Night! One Glorious Night! One Exciting Night! That night I saw the inimitable, most adored, one and only—Rudolph Valentino!

After being told that we would be disillusioned, my girl friend and I set out, accompanied by our fathers, for the Trianon ballroom in Chicago, to see Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino render their famous Argentino Tango. Disillusioned? We'll say, "No!" It was on February 22, 1923, at 10.45 p. m. sharp, in a crowd of seven thousand people. What a thrill I experienced when the manager announced those two admired people.

Their faces wreathed in smiles. they bowed this way and that to the crowd. Then—the Tango! Both were in costume and the swaying, graceful bodies of the two kept the throng in respectful silence. The stillness broken only by occasional sighs, murmured praises. When they had finished came applause, yells, cries, shouts! Another Tango, shorter but more fascinating than the first. And then Rudolph spoke. A speech telling of his reasons for his vaudeville tour, his fight for better pictures, his gratitude to the fans, and ending with a sentence something like, "I was not made by any producer, director or company, but by the American public—God bless them all!"

Oh, ye lovers of Rudolph, he is the cat's eyebrows! Handsomer, younger looking, more fascinating and more everything! Take my father's word for it, "He's a regular, square-looking fellow!"

A. O.

Eugene O'Brien As "Steve"

For a long time I had been an ardent admirer of Eugene O'Brien and then I became disillusioned. He played such silly roles. His little mannerisms and the same stupid love making, in picture after picture.

And then the impossible happened! He was coming to our small town to play the lead in "Steve." The night came as all greatly anticipated things do and he entered the stage. The audience applauded wildly for a few moments, which Eugene acknowledged very quietly and unaffectedly.

For a moment, an intense moment, I breathlessly waited to hear his voice—for I could love anyone with a beautiful voice—and then he spoke.

At first he was slightly dramatic, but he went on in a low voice. It was so pleasing.

He played with the dearest, sweetest, little old lady I should have loved for my "granny." The play has been criticized as a "Pollyanna" play, but small towns love that kind of a play. Eugene was so lovable and good in his role that I know everyone left the theatre that night with a good glow and "Pollyanna" feeling themselves.

Billie Dove **in riding breeches, boxing gloves, bathing slippers and a football jersey, assures us she's ready for anything.**

I don't think he could have done anything to win his way back into our hearts again as he did by coming to small towns like ours.

And what is more, under a long scrutiny through opera glasses, he had the nicest, cleanest face.

JANE THORNTON.

Mary As One of Her Fans Saw Her

It was during our visit to Washington, D. C. that Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin were there in behalf of the Liberty Loan drive. They drove in carriages from the Capitol to Washington's monument and the crowd followed.

Charlie and Doug were very funny and Mary was as sweet as I had dreamed her to be. Mary's mother talked directly to me and she is perfectly lovely.

I had the good luck to get next to the railing, close enough to touch Mary, watching her selling bonds by the thousand. I stood there an hour. My chest was sore for days from the crowds pushing me against the railing, but I would do it all over again if I had the chance to meet Mary again.

MRS. E. R. W.

Screen Stars at a Ball

A few months ago it was my good fortune to be at a ball at which were a few screen favorites. Among them were Mabel Ballin, Hope Hampton and Johnny Hines. It was indeed a happy sensation to me to see three of my choice players, and most of my time was taken up in watching them.

Mabel is the sweetest little woman you could ever imagine and she is considerably prettier off the screen than on.

It was with the deepest regret that I noticed Hope Hampton's hair was red, not that it did not lend charm to her youthful figure, but because I had always pictured Miss Hampton with auburn locks.

And Johnny Hines was wonderful. I had three, all too short dances with him during the evening. He related various incidents that happened during one of his recent pictures, which entirely thrilled me. One fact I noticed was that Johnny is a serious star.

GLADYS EADES.

Page Betty Blythe

Three weeks ago, I saw Betty Blythe in person at a local theatre in Buffalo. On a certain day that week, I was sitting in a box seat at that theatre. When Miss Blythe appeared, I felt a chill run down my back. (It happens every time I see an actor or actress in person). Miss Blythe spoke on screen life and Hollywood, and then sang. As she was singing, she happened to look towards my box, and I blushed. A friend of mine, sitting next to me, noticed this, and asked me if I was in love with her. Other people, in the same box with us, laughed so much that I had to go out. As I was going out, I made up my mind never again to go to any theatre with my friend.

Miss Blythe probably thought that they were laughing at her, but if she sees this she will understand.

V. J. T.

Charles Ray in a Personal Appearance

For several years Charles Ray has been my favorite movie star, so when the opportunity to see him in person became possible, my anticipation of the event was keen. At last I was actually waiting in the Graumont Theatre in Los Angeles, during the showing of "Paris Green," for his appearance.

The curtains parted—in army uniform he stepped before us—handsome and unassuming as on the screen. There is no egotism about Charlie, his charming naturalness is unsurpassed. No, there will never be another Charles Ray.

I left the theatre with a warm glow of satisfaction; he had not been a disappointment.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Family Life in Hollywood

The well-known stork seems to have taken a fancy to Hollywood. At least he's almost ready to leave his customary souvenirs in several households. Ella Hall and Emory Johnson are first on his visiting list. They already have two children and are expecting a third.

And Gloria Hope, who in private life is Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, is also on the old bird's calling list. She has retired temporarily from the screen and she and Lloyd have been very busy fixing up a nursery in their brand new Hollywood home.

Vamping On the Old Home Grounds

It looks as if Theda Bara, the champ vamp, would have to limit her vamping to the family fireside, unless she can vamp her husband, Charles Brabin, into her way of thinking. She's having a dreadful time making him view things her way.

Theda, it seems, wants to continue her screen career, but her husband seems to prefer having his wife at home and all that sort of thing.

"I want my wife to remain at home and be content with private life," he said the other day. "I really believe that in the long run she will be happier and I'm sure that I shall be."

But Theda doesn't think so. Just before leaving for Los Angeles, where her husband is now directing pictures for Goldwyn, she sent him an earnest telegram, saying:

"I do so want to go back into pictures. Please do be reasonable."

This home and career business is certainly a knotty problem!

At last accounts, Mr. Brabin was still obdurate. So it seems that picture directors are not so different from ordinary mortals. Men are all alike.

Mary Pickford's New Protege

Mary Pickford is the latest screen star to take a youngster under her wing. She hasn't adopted him, exactly, but she is helping along the career of little Philip de Lacy, the fascinating war orphan who has become a screen actor. He is to play in Mary's next picture, "Rosita."

Philip is a very handsome little fellow. His nurse, who now cares for him, found him in a dugout near the battle lines in France with his grandmother and mother. Another child had died, and Philip himself was sickly. The nurse brought him to this country and adopted him, and now it looks as if he were to have a sure enough screen career. He has already been playing in movies for three years.

He certainly deserves all the luck he can get in the future.

Along about two months from now, we'll all be wishing we were dressed like *Shannon Day* in this picture. (CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL)

Ora Carew Returns to the Screen

Ora Carew and her new husband, J. C. Howard, have returned from their honeymoon of several months in the east and she is all set to resume her screen career. The first thing they did on returning to California was to select the site for a home which Mr. Howard is going to have built for his wife. It is near the home of the late Wallace Reid, in Beverly Hills.

A Home for O'Hara

Isn't it annoying that, just because he chose to buy himself a house in Hollywood, everyone whispers that George O'Hara is going to get married! George, you remember, is one of these handsome young leading men, who refuses to trade on his good looks, but insists on playing two-fisted roles.

And, considering how handsome he is, it isn't surprising that people should be speculating on his probable marriage. But he says, positively, the gossips are all wrong.

Another Screen Separation

Art Acord, it seems, is the latest of the picture colony to have a marital split-up. His wife is suing him for separation and maintenance. They have been married for four years, but a few months ago, Acord took his clothes and left home.

"The other day he called me up," said the young wife, "and said he wouldn't be home any more. He sent for his clothes."

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS!... WE HEAR. That Frank Case. The genial proprietor. Of the Hotel Algonquin. Recently issued a ukase. Against gentlemen of semitic persuasion. Occupying the tables of his dining rooms. Without a Gentile present To take, as it were. The curse off of everything. Well, well. This reminds us of Mr. Loeb. Once secretary to the late Colonel Roosevelt. During the latter's term of office. As chief executive of the United States. Mr. Loeb sought admission. To the Union League Club. And was summarily blackballed. Because he was a Jew. Which caused the late Alfred Henry Lewis to remark. That the ancestors of Secretary Loeb. Were writing poetry. When the ancestors of the Union League Members. Were chasing through the jungle. Hunting their food. With a club.

B. P. SCHULBERG. Of Preferred Pictures. Has returned to Los Angeles and his job. Of making excellent motion pictures. Mr. Schulberg. Who is an amazingly easy. Person to listen to. Told us while he was here. Of his small beginnings. Which were the small beginnings. Of motion pictures. And of the elementary state of motion picture advertising. As instanced by the showing of a screen version of the "Passion Play." In Oshkosh, Wisconsin. In 1911. When the enterprising showman. Placed a Hula dancer. On a platform inside the lobby. Oshkosh! A name that has ever. Stood for rural innocence.

LEE DE FOREST. Has invented an apparatus. Called an audion tube. Or phonofilm. Which reproduces sound and pictures. Simultaneously. The sound, as it were. Being photographed. By its vibrations. For that matter. Quite the same as light. At least, that is our understanding of it. A pre-showing of the phonofilm. Was announced to us over the telephone. By a gentleman. Who invited us to send someone. Only be sure. He added tersely. You send someone with intelligence. Well! We communicated the above qualification to our estimable staff. With the result that. Not one of them. Went.

AN ACTOR'S IDEA. Of a personal triumph. Is expressed succinctly. In the phrase. "Stopping the Show." Or "knocking 'em off their seats." A friend of ours. Recently declared. That the most perfect press notice. An actor could receive. Was so and so triumphs. In poor play. Well! Whether he's right. Or whether he's wrong. We don't know. But it seems to us. That the gentleman who expired recently. Laughing at the droll antics of Charlie Chaplin. Came pretty near registering. The ne plus ultra. Of histrionic achievement.

THE MORNING TELEGRAPH. Conducts a department. Which is called. The Unsung Film Heroes. In it divers gentlemen. Of the press departments. Of the great movie companies. Are generously extolled. As this and that. Of supreme superlatives. But does the Morning Telegraph. In the praises it sings of Unsung Film Heroes. Think of the heroes in the audience. Of many a motion picture show? Right here, Miss Parsons. Are courage and tolerance. And all the virtues of film heroes. And if you don't believe it. Just go to see. That pictorial masterpiece. "The Lion's Mouse."

"THE COVERED WAGON." Has established a record. At the Criterion Theatre. Where the New York public is flocking in droves. To witness its artistry. And as a result of this. The stock of its author. Emerson Hough. Has gone up considerably. So that his hitherto unregarded fiction. Has become suddenly in demand. By the film companies. How true of life this is. That you are never as good as you are. But as people think you are. Four years ago Rudolph Valentino. Was an obscure extra. Yet, now he is a fascinating personality. Why was he not then? Or was he? And people didn't know it?

CONSTANCE WILSON. Sister of Lois Wilson, the lovely screen star. Of "The Covered Wagon." Has been signed by Jesse Lasky. To play opposite Walter Hiers. In "Fair Week." Although we have never seen Miss Constance Wilson. All we can say is. That if she is anything like her sister Lois Wilson. We shall go to see. "Fair Week."

THIS WEEK'S COVER. Of Movie Weekly. Is Nancy Welford. Daughter of Dallas Welford. The well-known and excellent actor. Miss Welford is playing. One of the principal parts in "Cinders." A musical show on Broadway. Well! Although she doesn't remember it. We recall a day on Riverside Drive. A perfectly terrible number of years ago. When a little girl on roller skates. Got acquainted with us. For we have always liked to talk to children. Telling us among other things. Who she was. How time passes. Ah, well. Soon. We are going to see "Cinders."

ALICE JOYCE. According to an announcement. Will return to the screen. In the film version. Of "The Green Goddess." Playing opposite George Arliss. The well-known actor. Miss Joyce's return. To the world of movies. Is welcome news. To one person at least. For it was Alice Joyce. Who as many as eight or nine years ago. Was the first person to awaken in us an interest. In the motion picture. We thought at the time. We had never seen anything quite so lovely. As the rare, haunting quality. Of her dark madonna face. It will be pleasant. To see her again.

AMOS OSBORNE SQUIRE. Head physician of Sing Sing prison. Recently made the statement. In an address at the Morningside Presbyterian Church. That objectionable moving pictures. And the growth of the drug habit. Were two of the principal causes. For the increase in crime. That is everywhere prevalent. Well! We remember Dr. Squire. On a winter morning. Just before dawn. About six years ago. Standing watch in hand. Before a condemned Chinaman. In the Sing Sing death house. And as we're fairly certain. It wasn't a moving picture. That caused Eng Hing to send a bullet into a rival tong man. In broad daylight. On Pell Street. We guess it must have been. The drug habit.

The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page* 24)

He went into the drawing room, opened a desk drawer and took two revolvers from it. One of these he handed to Valhays.

"Go into that closet now!" he commanded, pointing to a wardrobe in the hall. "Stay there until I tell you to come out!"

Valhays smiled. He took the revolver, fingered it, and then obeyed Norries to the extent of going within the closet, drawing the curtain closed and shutting the door.

Norries walked abruptly to the front door. He opened it. An officer was running up the steps.

"We'll have to search the house, sir," he said to Norries.

"What's the trouble now?" Norries asked, playing for time.

As Sheila entered her room, she saw the note she had written lying on the floor. She picked it up and looked at it. She was worn, weary. If she could have vanished utterly, she would have done so. But she was held there, awaiting her fate, and there was no means of escape.

But as she turned toward the balcony to get a breath of refreshing air, she heard a noise. She looked again. Out of the darkness a form was emerging, rising over the balcony rail, now an arm, a shoulder, now a face. She drew back in alarm as she recognized the face and saw the revolver in the man's hand. It was Ray, her first husband.

But instead of attacking her, Ray obviously had come for another purpose, for he, too, appeared afraid.

"For God's sake, help me, Sheila!" he implored. "Don't let them take me!"

SHEILA was too frightened to reply, but in her heart she pitied the man. So she motioned him away from the window and through the bedroom.

"Sheila," he whispered. "I can't tell you how I thank you!" He caught her skirt and fell to his knees kissing it.

"Get up, Ray!" she whispered. "Go into that closet down there——" she pointed down the hall. She drew away from him, but even although she felt repulsion for his unkempt beard, his sallow complexion, his tattered clothes, she was sorry for him. For the moment he didn't rise. He kneeled there, motionless. Then he lifted his white face to her:

"You've been square with me, Sheila," he said impulsively. "And I've been a dog, from the first. I'm going to be square now with you. We weren't ever married, kid. We weren't ever married. That justice of the peace that was supposed to marry us, he was a fake."

"Is that true?" she demanded, clutching his arm to steady herself.

He nodded.

"I swear, Sheila. So help me God, it's true!"

Her hand rose to her throat, where she was trying to gulp down a tear of joy. And she let him take that hand and press her wrist to his lips.

"I hear someone downstairs," she told him. "You'd better hide, quick!"

"I will, Sheila." And he darted off to hide in the closet.

She followed him for a step, then looked down the stairs. She could see nothing. She cared nothing. She was free. She was happy.

"Thank God!' she breathed. She stood there waiting, listening.

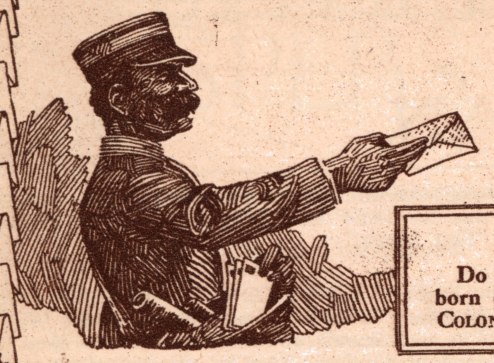
(*Concluded next week*)

Movie Weekly Writer Is Threatened by Ku Klux

(*Continued from page* 5)

the telephonic and epistolary threats. This brings up the question of whether or not there is only one secret society in the movies, or two, or several. Obviously I cannot answer this question until our evidence multiplies and substantiates the theory that there is really one force at work within the films.

Whether or not this threat letter is genuine, a bluff, or merely a hoax, is immaterial in the final analysis of a situation that Movie Weekly is trying to bring to the attention of the public. We are trying to show the fans that there are all sorts of antagonistic forces arrayed against the progress of the films, and that in order for the movies to achieve their threefold purpose, we must make every effort to bring to bay those who are its avowed enemies.



Lonesome Blonde Likes Eugene O'Brien

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

S. L. M.—So you really think my age is an important question? Perhaps I had better call it to the attention of the League of Nations. I suppose you didn't get answers to the letters you wrote to stars because you picked popular players who get more fan mail than they can answer. Tom Moore was born in Ireland, Bebe Daniels in Texas, Richard Barthelmess and Jack Mulhall in New York, Lois Wilson in Pittsburgh and Helene Chadwick in Chadwick, New York. Yes, Harold Lloyd was in an explosion a few years ago and suffered an injury. Eugene O'Brien lives at 71 Central Park West, New York City.

A LONESOME FLAPPER—I didn't suppose flappers ever had a chance to get lonesome. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, but Alice Lake isn't one of the family. House Peters doesn't give his age. Edna Murphy and Johnnie Walker are reported engaged, but aren't married yet, unless they dashed off and did it after this went to press. Claire Windsor was formerly married and has a small son.

S. E. G.—A buck private, eh? Wonder why they call 'em "buck privates?" Perhaps because their pay is a buck a day. Carol Dempster is a very sweet young lady who would probably be glad to write to a lonesome soldier. Write her at Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

JACKIE—You have a famous namesake, haven't you? Estelle Taylor played Mercedes in "Monte Cristo." Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas Clark; Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. He also plays in pictures.

HELENA MONTANA—Would Eugene O'Brien care to make the acquaintance of a lonesome blue-eyed blonde? I must watch my step when you ask me a question like that; I don't wish to be accused of running a matrimonial agency. No, Eugene is not married.

GYPSY M.—Do you tell fortunes, an' everything? Marie Prevost is twenty-five. She has blue eyes.

W. S. H.—So your pen is kicking up on you? You must have been giving it hootch instead of ink. William S. Hart is forty-eight. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs 190 pounds. He has brown hair and hazel eyes. He lives in Beverly Hills, California.

TEENY—So you're just out of pink paper? Are you so perishable they have to keep you in pink paper? Violet Mersereau played last year in several big Fox specials, "Nero" and "The Shepherd King," made in Italy. Billie Rhodes got married and quit the screen. Jack Holt's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

YELLOW BLUES—That color combination should make you as green as grass. Wanda Hawley doesn't give her age, but she is about twenty-five. A double page picture of her was published in Movie Weekly for January 17, 1922. Jack Holt is about thirty-five. I don't know what his wife's name is other than Imogene.

PATTY AND PEGGY—So you're twins, just like Mike and Ike? Antonio Moreno is thirty-four and was born in Spain. He was recently married to Daisy Danziger and they live in Los Angeles. He is five feet eight. I'm sorry I have no description of Charles De Roche. Warner Baxter was the leading man in "The Ninety and Nine." Jackie Coogan is eight years old, and Baby Peggy four.

SALLY AND IKIE—So you'd like to know Harrison Ford because your father sells Fords and you'd like to know them all. That's a large wish. It would be much more convenient to make it your ambition to know all the Rolls-Royces in the country. Gordon Griffith is the youngster who played Sammy in "Penrod." He is about fifteen; the last address I have for him is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

WAITING—Thanks for your suggestions about the magazine. We always welcome any suggestions our readers wish to offer about the contents of Movie Weekly.

R. S. V. P.—Refreshments served very promptly. All right, I'll be right over. Glenn Hunter is twenty-six and is about six feet tall. Write him for his picture at Highland Mills, New York. Ramon Novarro is twenty-two. Barbara La Marr has black eyes. Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist" was played by George Seigmann. The Vitagraph player to whom you refer is Jimmie Morrison.

INTERESTED—You've got one on me. I haven't the slightest idea whether Will Rogers has a brother or not. I'm sure he has no brother on the screen, but that's as much as I know about it.

In case you're wondering what the dickens this picture means, here's the idea: "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," as posed by members of the monkey ballet in "Red Lights."

A DELICIOUS LITTLE DEVIL—You'd better not go to the cannibal islands, then, or some black chief will eat you up. Dick Barthelmess got back from Cuba months ago. Virginia Magee played Richard's sweetheart in "The Bond Boy," though Mary Thurman had a much bigger role. Gareth Hughes' latest picture was "Kick In." I don't know what he is doing now. Harold Lloyd's latest is "Safety Last," with Mildred Davis as his leading lady.

R. W. C.—If kisses were money, I'd be a millionaire, you suggest. Oh, well, who wouldn't rather have kisses than money, anyhow? Mary Pickford seems to have abandoned her plan of making "Dorothy Vernon," at least for the present. She now seems to be planning to make "Rosita," a Spanish story. Wanda Hawley is working in Paris in a picture for Vitagraph. Emily Stevens is now playing on the stage; I rather doubt whether she will make any more pictures. Yes, "Adam's Rib" was released several months ago and reviewed in Movie Weekly. You can read about future productions in any issue of Movie Weekly.

HONEY GAL—You make me blush, having me calling you such endearing names. Well, I can't say that I think Ramon Novarro is the "dearest, darlingest human being on earth," but then of course I may be a little prejudiced in favor of somebody else. The leading man you refer to is Johnnie Harron, the brother of Robert Harron, who died a few years ago. You might try to reach Johnnie at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Jack Mulhall is about thirty-five.

CHIQUETA—Ah, a little Spanish lady. See answer to Patty and Peggy.

D. E. B.—It wouldn't do any good to send me your picture to see if you're homely enough for one of the screen's homely women. I've never had any experience as a casting director. But I should say that since you are only fourteen, you had better go to school a while longer. Screen players sometimes change their names because their own names are too ugly to make them famous. Write to Bebe Daniels at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

BOBBY—Are you one of those London bobbies I've heard so much about? Betty Blythe's address is Pyramid Pictures Corp., 150 W. 34th St., New York. She is thirty years old. No, Rudolph Valentino isn't tired of movies, but he had a row with Paramount and refuses to work for them, and his contract with them prevents his making pictures for anyone else. William S. Hart's wife is getting a divorce, I understand. Jackie Coogan's address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Baby Peggy's is Universal City, California. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais and they live at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood.

RICHARD DIX ADMIRER—You're some little rooter for Richard Dix, aren't you? His next picture is "Souls for Sale," with Eleanor Boardman as the leading lady. The professor in "Way Down East" was played by Creighton Hale.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

"Think Beauty—and you'll get that way"

(*Continued from page* 23)

pretty child," she said. "And how I did long for beauty when I was a child! Nobody ever even told me I was good-looking. And you know how people are about children—if I had been, I should certainly have heard about it."

"I don't believe you!" I gasped, as I gazed into Lois's soft brown eyes, and noted the color come and go in her cheeks.

"But I read somewhere when I was very little that if you thought only sweet, kind thoughts, you would grow beautiful. I believed it implicitly. I had a bit of a temper as a child, but I longed so ardently for beauty that I never let myself grow angry. I tried to find excuses for people when they did wicked things. People came to say I had a nice disposition. Nothing of the kind. I merely had set my heart on beauty. I really think now that the article I had read on the Pollyanna stuff overrated it a little, to tell you the truth. Because, you see, I'm not beautiful now."

"You've got us all nicely fooled, then," I said.

But Lois went calmly ahead to prove that she really isn't a beauty.

"In the first place my face was much too long when I was a child. It still is. You can see, too, that my chin is too sharp, can't you?"

"Well, I never noticed it," I answered.

"And my lips are too thin, my mouth isn't a good shape, and my nose isn't really right at all."

"Do tell!" I cried, as I looked at the lovely expression of her mouth. "But anyhow," I went on, "you can't find anything wrong with your eyes!"

"Yes, I can, too. They aren't large enough for actual beauty."

"At least the color is all right," I suggested meekly.

"Well, yes, I suppose the color is all right!" laughed Lois. "But my teeth aren't pearls. And my form—ever notice my form? It's not right at all. One shoulder is a little higher than the other. My spinal trouble made it that way. It was that way from a child. And I'm much too thin. Oh, I'm quite sure Penrhyn Stanlaws wouldn't hand me a thing.

"But say, I've learned something wonderful about being ill!" exclaimed Miss Lee.

"What is it, Pollyanna?" I asked.

"Oh, you learn some of the deepest meanings of life. I'm sure I shall be a better actress."

Why a "Follies" Girl Can Wed a Rich Man

(*Continued from page* 7)

That's very unjust; many of those girls come of well-to-do families and get allowances from home. No one ever seems to think of that."

Perhaps we *are* a little unfair toward the Ziegfeld beauties!

But, on the other hand, one isn't going to feel sorry for her. She has everything presumably that most girls covet—looks, "background," opportunity, and training to make the most of her charms.

Given all those things, what girl wouldn't bet on her chances of getting a wealthy husband, if she wanted one—at any rate, until the supply of rich husbands ran out!

Movie Magnate was once Cartoonist's Office Boy

(*Continued from page* 8)

led to my being engaged by him when the now Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was formed, of which he and Adolph Zukor were the principal officials.

Mr. Schulberg paused to open a cigar box and extend it toward his interested listener. We declined with a smile, and he lighted a long brown cigar. From his office windows, we could see two men in athletic attire running around an improvised track on an adjacent office building.

"Those were the days when all of the companies were beginning." Mr. Schulberg continued. "Griffith was with Biograph, and Marion Leonard was the first screen actress to receive a thousand dollars a week. We were making film history, although we didn't know it.

"With Famous Players, I took charge of the publicity and advertising department and, I believe, inaugurated, or helped to inaugurate, the present style of motion picture advertising which is dignified exploitation as we see it in the newspapers and on the billboards of the present day.

"My opportunity to engage in production on my own came later when I left Famous Players and became associated with Al Lichtman and J. G. Bachmann. During my connection with Preferred Pictures, we have made more than thirty productions, the last two of which were "Shadows" and "Poor Men's Wives."

Mr. Schulberg smiled again.

"That's all there is," he concluded, "and I don't know yet whether I've told you how I negotiated the leap from office boy to movie magnate."

We reached for our hat.

"Well," we answered, "the only answer to it all that we can find is that statement you made about liking to labor. Somehow we feel that *that* was the reason."

And when we asked Rube Goldberg about it a few days later, he told us, as he was drawing these pictures, that we were right.

"Ben," as he called him, "was a glutton for work."

A Man Can Love Four Women at One Time

(*Continued from page* 11)

Players star has the right idea about marriage and love, such as our mothers had?

Listen to Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay coo in their love nest for three. Oh, yes, they are both wonderfully in love with each other and their baby!

Marie Prevost, who is going to marry Kenneth Harlan soon, says that marriage means trying to make a happy home, and working with your life partner for this one big end.

Vincent Coleman, star in the new "Salome," is happily married to Margery Grant and he declares emphatically that "one love for one woman is the only thing."

I could go right on down a long and famous list of screen stars who are either married, or contemplating marriage, and show positive proof concerning the old-fashioned standards and ideals of love and wedded life that exist in filmdom. But—there is no necessity to do so.

Senor Benavente preaches a rather exciting philosophy for staid America—a philosophy which we may all be driven to embrace some day if the blue law bug teaches us any more about the sweets of forbidden fruits, but as for that, I can only murmur, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

What the Censors Are Making You Miss!

(*Continued from page* 3)

picture, when Bella Donna, at last free to go to the Arab, Baroudi, arrives before his tent and finds him in the arms of another woman. In other words, Maryland movie fans do not know how the picture ends.

New York censors removed two scenes from "The Go-Getter," both showing two men fighting. When the censors saw the fight they cut out all blows on the head with a club and scenes showing one of the participants in the fight being kicked in the stomach. These scenes were cut, according to Helen May Hosmer, of the New York Board, because they are "inhuman" and "tend to incite to crime."

Betty Compson's "The White Flower," a most innocuous picture, suffered two cuts in Pennsylvania. Betty was not allowed to say that she would let her soul burn in hell to win her lover. Instead, she was permitted to utter the words: "Anything! Anything!" which might mean, you are allowed to infer, "Anything! Anything!"

"The Nth Commandment" also promises to be a much-censored picture. Ten eliminations were ordered in Maryland, ranging from a comedy scene on a skating rink where a man falls on the ice, pulling a girl down with him, to the removal of the word "God" from the sub-title, "Oh, God, Jimmy, it's snowing!" No, dear fan, the censor did not change the title to "Oh, slush, Jimmy, it's snowing!"

(*Continued next week*)

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Girls, Keep Your Own Money—Corinne Griffith

(*Continued from page* 19)

bility toward all the children in the world, of course more children will be adopted.

"I think the time is coming when every unmarried woman, capable of supporting a child, will adopt one. As usual our profession is setting the fashion. How many actors are adopting children these days!"

"But getting back to man, woman and marriage——"

"Companionship is the real basis of happy marriage, as has so often been said. With, of course, a basis of passion and physical appeal. Do you know, I don't even condemn unions without marriage."

I gasped.

"But I think they are very foolish—for the woman, especially," went on the wise little Corinne. "Things aren't either wicked or not wicked, nowadays, you know. They are just either sensible or foolish. I think a woman is very foolish to live with a man without marriage. That is, under most conditions. A man is really the most conventional creature in the world—much more conventional in the bottom of his soul than a woman. And he wants his women to be conventional, no matter what he may say in wild moments. He respects the woman he married, in a way, at least. He thinks usually that he is something to be captured, and he respects the woman who could do it! Another thing, she belongs to him in that case, under the law, and men have great respect for the law. And then—they are just a wee bit conceited over anything that belongs to them—think it must be all right if it's theirs!"

"That sounds so worldly-wise from your youthful lips," I volunteered.

"No, just think it over!" said little Corinne.

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ARE YOU A FAILURE?

(Continued from page 22)

"Darn him!" he swears for the first time in his life, like a regular feller. He would a said more but his vocabularly was limited when it came to language of expression, cause Aunt Emily and Aunt Charlotte didn't approve of it and they was the Board of Censors in that house of weather prophets.

Oliver put on his rainproofs again and walked home.

The next day, when Oliver came down to work, he found old man Jones closing up the Emporium.

"What's the matter, Mr. Jones?" Oliver asks the boss.

"They're having a burling contest down the river," Jones tells him. "You might as well try to sell Palm Beach suits to the Eskimos, that's all the chance you got to sell goods today in the town. Better go down and watch it, son."

So Oliver joined the mob what was watching the contest. Phyllis was there, too, with her father and Emmet Graves.

On the water, Killdevil Brennon, the river boss, was meeting all comers. He was the champ so far. Whenever a challenger got on the same log with him, he was able by his quick footwork to make them lose their balance and flop into the river. After a while they was nobody what wanted to try it with him. Killdevil had his eye on Phyllis all the time. He was in love with the girl and he was trying to show off in front of her. He was the guy what arranged the contest and he done it for that purpose. Killdevil had a head for figures. He liked Phyllis' figure and he liked the figures in her father's bank account, and so he figured if he'd marry Phyllis, the old man would figure him in as a partner. That's what you call figuratively speaking.

While the crowd was looking for more challengers, someone spotted Oliver. Then the fireworks began.

"There's Battling Blaine's son," someone says. "His father was the river boss before Killdevil. Let's make him challenge him. He ought to uphold the family name."

NOW EVERYONE in this here town thought Oliver was one big joke and so they thought they'd have a little fun now on his expenses. A couple of huskies got hold of him, ripped off his shoes and put a pair of lumberman's shoes on him. They dragged him over to where Killdevil was standing and they put him on the log. Oliver felt as much at home as a onion in a cup of coffee. He was scared stiff. His knees were knocking together so hard they sounded like a drum. You'd think he was doing a shimmy dance, he was shaking so much.

When Killdevil seen him, he smacked his lips. This was like pork chops to him.

"So, you're a Blaine, eh?" he says, sneering.

Killdevil was wise to the fact that Phyllis was interested in Oliver, so he thought this would be one fine chance to make him look cheap in the front of her.

"All right there, Blaine, now watch your step," Killdevil says and he starts rolling the log with his feet, up and back. Oliver lost his balance in no time and flopped into the water like a ten ton safe. Then he started swimming like a drowning hen. He was a comic.

Gregory Thorpe, Phyllis' father, laughed at the sight.

"That boy is a failure," he remarks. "There ain't no chip of the old block in him."

"But—but—father, he doesn't know how to swim," Phyllis tries to explain.

"Yes, and he can't stand on a log, either," her father comes right back at her. "Why that interest in him?"

"N-n-nothing," Phyllis says. But her face tells her secret, cause she is blushing. You can't hide a guilty conscience in a hay stack.

Well, they pulled Oliver out of the water, cause they was no sense in letting him perish in a drowning death, and they might miss seeing him on the street with his raincoat tomorrow.

Oliver got up, put on his rainproofs and walked home. He was a failure and the whole town knew it. He felt like kicking himself all the ways home.

After supper he sneaked up to his room. Here he was like the king. From under the carpet he dug out his favorite book, "Lives of Great Men." He turned to page thirty-seven, where was written the history of Napoleon. Now, Oliver wasn't no wild man, but he had one wild imagination. In two minutes he was Napoleon. He put his hat on sideways, stuck two fingers of his right hand into his chest like he's got a terrible itch and tramped up and down just like he was the little corporal.

He salutes with his left hand. "Attention!" he hollers.

"You will take the right wing," he says like he is talking to one of his Field Marshalls, "you will take the left wing. I will take the neck. No, that ain't right. I mean, I'll take the center. *Gamin*, beat a charge. Beat a charge that will make the very dead fall in line."

He draws out his make-believe sword and starts in killing off the enemy left and right. The battle is won. He puts the sword back and turns to page fifty-two.

NOW HE is a spy in the Civil War. He has broke through the Confederate lines. He is shot in the head, but that don't stop him, cause the bullet bounced right off. He runs up to General Grant's tent and pulls the papers out of the heels of his boots.

"General, here are the papers," he says. "Thank God! I done my duty!"

Then he falls on the bed like dead.

Oliver was so excited in his acting that he didn't notice that the oil stove was smoking like a chimney. Aunt Emily downstairs smelled the smoke and she came running up. She busted into Oliver's room.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" she exclaims, when she seen that the smoke has blackened the whole wall.

Oliver, our hero, who as Napoleon had just now won a great battle and who as Nathan Hale, the spy in the Civil War stole the papers from Gen. Lee's pocket, ran right out of the house, away into the field as fast as his legs could carry him. Sport ran right after him. The two of them slept out there that night, cause they was afraid to go home. That's always the case. A man what ain't afraid of armies is always afraid of women. Say, even Napoleon would a been afraid of that battery of old maids with tongues like machine guns.

In the morning he went back to the house and sat down on the stoop. He was a very much disgusted man. They was a newspaper laying there, so he picks it up and reads it. Right there on the second page was a ad with a big headline, "Are You a Failure?" This kind of interested Oliver. It struck right home. So he reads further:

"The Success Correspondence School can teach you how to become a success. In four lessons—Price, $15.00."

Wow! This was good news. It sounded like a medicine for his troubles.

Oliver ran upstairs with the newspaper. He was so excited he almost knocked over Aunt Charlotte. He closed the door with the key and then lifted up a corner of the carpet. He pulled out the money what was laying there. You see, Oliver had been doing a Silas Marner act on the sly. He counted it up and found he had $13.50. Then he emptied out all his pockets. He squeezed out another berry. That made $14.50. But there he was stuck.

"Ye Gods!" he exclaimed. "Fifty cents short! That's what keeping me back in this world."

THEN HE remembered the four bits what he had thrown away what Emmet gave him.

He ran down the stairs like the house was on fire. Sport ran right after him. Up the road he ran until he came to the spot where he threw away that money. He searched in the sand and he found it.

"See that half a dollar, Sport?" Oliver says. "That's going to change me from a failure to a success."

The dog barks like he'd want to take a course like that himself, if he was financially independent.

Oliver ran back to the house again and wrote out a letter to the Success Correspondence School. He stuck in the $15.00, which he kissed it good-bye, and went out to mail it.

When he come back to his room, he started walking up and down again like Napoleon.

"Now, I'll show the world," he says. "You just wait until I get a hold of Killdevil. I'll get my revenge."

(Continued next week)

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There is such an urgent demand for practical, trained Draftsman that I am making this special offer in order to enable deserving, ambitious and bright men to get into this line of work. I will teach you to become a Draftsman and Designer, until you are **drawing a salary up to $250.00 a month.** You need not pay me for my personal instruction or for the complete set of instruments.

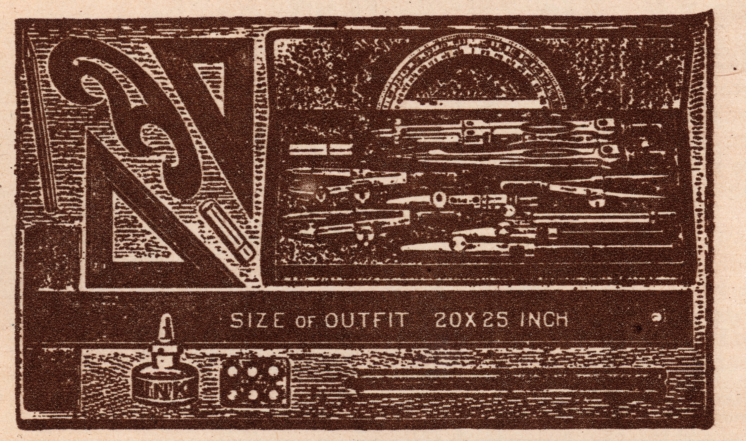
Draftsman's Pocket Rule Free— To Everyone Sending Sketch

To every person of 16 years or older sending a sketch I am going to mail free and prepaid the Draftsman's Ivorine Pocket Rule shown here. This will come entirely with my compliments. With it I will send a 6x9 book on "Successful Draftsmanship" If you are interested in becoming a draftsman, if you think you have or may attain drafting ability, sit down and copy this drawing, mailing it to me today, writing your name, and your address and your age plainly on the sheet of paper containing the drawing. There are no conditions requiring you to buy anything. You are under no obligations in sending in your sketch. What I want to know is how much you are interested in drawing and your sketch will tell me that.

Positions Paying Up to $250 and $300 per Month

I am Chief Draftsman of the Engineers' Equipment Co. and I know that there are thousands of ambitious men who would like to better themselves, make more money and secure faster advancement. Positions paying up to $250 and $300 per month, which ought to be filled by skilled draftsmen, are vacant. I want to find the men who with practical training and personal assistance will be qualified to fill these positions. No man can hope to share in the great coming prosperity in manufacturing and building unless he is properly trained and is able to do first class practical work.

I know that this is the time to get ready. That is why I am making the above offer. I can now take and train a limited number of students personally and I will give to those students a guarantee to give them by mail practical drawing room training until they are placed in a permanent position with a salary up to $250 and $300 per month. You should act promptly on this offer because it is my belief that even though you start now the great boom will be well on by the time you are ready to accept a position as a skilled draftsman. So write to me at once. Enclose sketch or not, as you choose, but find out about the opportunities ahead of you. Let me send you the book "Successful Draftsmanship" telling how you may take advantage of these opportunities by learning drafting at home.



FREE this $25 Draftsman's Working Outfit

These are regular working instruments—the kind I use myself. I give them free to you if you enroll at once. Don't delay. Send for full information today.

Mail Your Drawing at Once

— and Get an Ivorine Pocket Rule Absolutely **Free!**

Ambitious men interested in drafting hurry! Don't wait! This is your opportunity to get into this great profession. Accept the offer which I am making now. Send in your sketch or request for free book and free Ivorine Pocket Rule.

Chief Draftsman, Engineers' Equipment Co., 1951 Lawrence Av. Div. 11-95 Chicago

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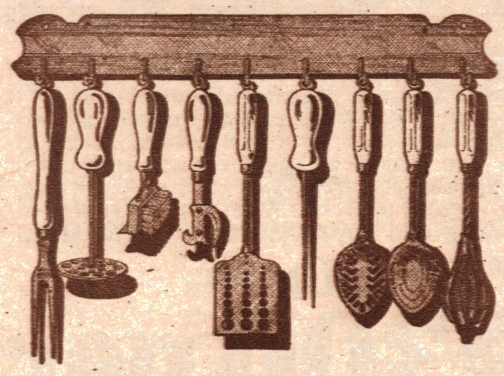
Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Complete Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan: also cooker set of 5 pieces—makes 11 separate utensil combinations: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

FREE 10-Piece White Enameled Kitchen Set



No Money Down

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only $2.00 on the Aluminum Set. **Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set—it is FREE.** Use both sets 30 days, on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set

Not a penny to pay for this set. You get it absolutely free with Aluminum Set.

- Potato Masher
- Mixing Spoon
- Measuring Spoon
- Ice Pick
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- Can Opener
- Vegetable and Pan Brush
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- Egg and Cake Turner
- Wall Rack

All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack—keeping them conveniently at hand.

Complete 32-Pc. Aluminum Set

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Order by No. 417EMA7. Price for Aluminum Set, $17.95. No money down. $2.00 and postage on arrival. Balance $2.00 Monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set is FREE.

Mail the Coupon Don't hesitate. Send at once, while this offer holds good. Not a penny's risk. Order NOW, while you can get the Kitchen Set Free.

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